



IMPROVEMENT ERA



VOL. 32 NOVEMBER, 1928 No. 1

Pioneers and Southern Utah

J. R. KENNARD

A Man Among Men

IRA J. MARKHAM

Religion and Economics

DR. MAX HAENLE

AS THE RETURNED MISSIONARY VIEWS IT

ROLAND C. PARRY

WHEN THE UTES INVADED UTAH

GEN. JOHN Q. CANNON

STORY—THE CYCLE OF SHIRT SLEEVES

EZRA J. POULSEN



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* * *

Mother: "Johnny, run over and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

Johnny: "Not me! I ain't going to ask no woman how old she is."—*Exchange*.

* * *

"But, doctor, how can I drive a nail without hitting my fingers?" asked the young bride after bandage was adjusted.

"Hold the hammer in both hands," he advised.—*Exchange*.

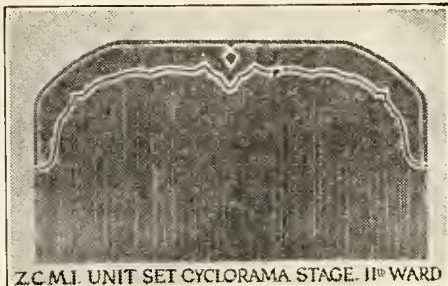
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Son: "Pa, what is the difference between capital and labor?"

Pa: "Well, the money you lend represents capital and getting it back represents labor, my son."—*Exchange*.

* * *

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IMPROVEMENT ERA

NOVEMBER, 1928

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Associate Editor

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's
Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of
the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our local writers will be interested in the announcement, found in the editorial columns of this issue, of prizes offered by the Era for the best original stories. The offer is open to all. The development which will come with a painstaking effort to win will be worth many times the amount of the prize itself. Therefore, any person with a fair knowledge of English and the rules of composition will not be wasting time by trying for these prizes.

George Washington's first Thanksgiving Proclamation is to be found on the back of the frontispiece. Breathing as it does the spirit of gratitude to the Almighty for blessings received, it should be carefully read by all. Its sublime spirit will be reflected in the hearts of those who ponder over it, and simultaneously there will be awakened a deeper reverence for the great man who penned it.

How another "Mormon" boy achieved athletic fame is told in this number, under the title "A man among men." It is not only interesting but it furnishes additional evidence of what clean living will do when the supreme physical test comes. Bud Shields, subject of the story, tells us that he believes in and keeps the Word of Wisdom. Of the 28 medals which he is wearing, one is bronze, two are silver and the rest are gold. Shields now holds seventeen records in inter-scholastic A. A. U., Rocky Mountain and National meets.

Dr. Max Haenle, of the University of Erlangen, Germany, delivered a lecture before the University of Utah summer school. The first part of his address appears in this issue; the re-

mainder, in which the learned doctor gives his view of "Mormonism" as it relates to economics, will appear in our next. A cursory reading of the article will not reveal its true worth; it should be studied.

As the returned missionary views it, in this issue, is the first of a number of articles which will be presented to our readers during the coming year. The missionary, while in his field of labor, is the biggest figure in the circle in which he moves, and often the transition from the field to home conditions is more difficult than was the change from home life to the field. If the needs of the returned elder are kept before us, we are sure they will be met; and that is the purpose of these articles.

A notable gathering of Church, government and railway officials at Cedar City and their visit to the beauty spots of Southern Utah are described in an interesting manner by J. R. Kennard in the leading article of this number. Our older readers will not fail to note and appreciate the change which is apparent in the attitude of prominent men toward this people and which has come about during the past few years.

The M. I. A. departments as usual contain many suggestions which will be invaluable for officers and teachers in this organization. Often questions come by letter to the Y. M. M. I. A. office which have already been answered in the Era or in the Hand Book. Every worker in the M. I. A. should adopt the Scout slogan, "Be prepared." He cannot be unless he is familiar with the contents of the departments in this magazine.

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING

(From Spark's *Washington*, Vol. XII, p. 119.)

Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly implore His protection and favor; and

Whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their joint committee, requested me "to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness:"

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and, in general, for all the great and various favors which He has been pleased to confer upon us.

And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our National Government a blessing to all the people by constantly being a Government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good governments, peace, and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and, generally, to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand, at the city of New York, the 3rd day of October, A. D. 1789.

Geo. Washington.



VIEW OF BRYCE CANYON, RECENTLY CREATED NATIONAL PARK



VOL. XXXII

NOVEMBER, 1928

No. 1

The Pioneers and Southern Utah

BY J. R. KENNARD

IN a way it has never done before, the world is taking note of a valiant service, a service rendered long years ago but only now, at last, rewarded.

Men who would dare hell-heat or Arctic cold, men broad-brained and broad-shouldered for the task, large-hearted and clear-eyed men stayed and fought it out. They could not know that acclaim would be theirs, they did not care; theirs was a devotion of heart and life to God. They toiled for a principle, they built for generations yet unborn. And now only a few are left to hear the meed of praise that rightfully belongs to every soul of them.

On the recent tour of the southern Utah parks, to the north rim of the Grand Canyon, conducted by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, formally to open the magnificent lodge built there on the very brink of the mighty gorge, the dominant note was veneration for the "Mormon" pioneers who settled the country all 'round about. The party numbered two hundred or more, made up of capitalists, captains of industry, railroad presidents and executives, governors, senators, congressmen, mayors of large cities, presidents of chambers of commerce, heads of government bureaus, a picked coterie, a class of men who wield influence in the very course of human society, men whose power is unquestioned in what this country shall do and think, in what shall be the verdict of America in any given premise. And along in the party, too, were fortunate scribes, newspaper men, invited to perform the pleasant task of telling the world what took place and to record their impressions.

The spot-news side of the story has been taken care of. We have told the world that the trip was made, that the lodge was dedicated, that the Kaibab trail from the rim to the river was ceremoniously put into commission, that a surprise was sprung in the creation of Bryce Canyon National Park, that the mile-long tunnel out of Zion Canyon was holed through, that every man of the party arrived safely back and that it was a wonderful trip. We have, naturally, enthused a bit in the telling, imbuing our accounts with the lure of the desert, the majesty of the forest, the grandeur of the cliffs, the tang of the mountains, but yet there remains the genius

of it, the dominant influence or essential element, which to this humble scribe was the very reverence those men showed for the pioneer and the pioneer history of the region.

Not a sneer, not even a lifted eyebrow was seen on the entire trip. They caught the spirit of the early day did those men, rolling along in palace busses, sleeping in deluxe cabins, banqueting in gorgeous dining halls; they gazed at the same towering crags, they scanned the same distances as did those of the former day who in whole-hearted simplicity wrought there in wholesome interest of their fellow-men. Those of this day too were men of generous impulses, clear-eyed beholders of great things, men of vision and withal men of sympathy, just men. They sensed what it took to stay and conquer such a region, and they paid the homage due, in spite of rubber tires and cushioned seats where formerly were the lumbering wain and the jolting slab.

Every mile of the way brought it back. A pioneer village, a rocky dugway, the long trail, the water holes, the drift fences on the old cattle ranges, an old ranch house or fort, every one a landmark and every one an object of veneration. No more from now on will men scoff at the conviction that held the "Mormon" pioneers in southern Utah than at the motive that prompted the Catholic fathers to thread the wilderness and establish the missions which now are very shrines in the hearts of all who visit them. And why should it not be so? A motive is a motive and a conviction is a conviction, and strong, broad-minded men wherever they see sincerity of purpose accord to it its due.

And so, southern Utah, with its wealth of romantic history, is coming into its own.

And now to lapse into chronology, lest some phase of the genius of the trip be overlooked, and trusting to the muse of the rattling typewriter keys for what might follow.

Wednesday night, Sept. 12, it was that the Salt Lake contingency boarded the train in the Union Pacific depot. Each was given a guest badge and the comfort and welfare of all were amply provided for. The genial D. S. Spencer was ubiquitous, looking out for everybody. That night in our berths. At Cedar City next morning we pulled in just ahead of the Los Angeles train and the party was more than doubled in numbers. Breakfast in the Escalante Hotel and all on hand for the loading of the busses.

Efficiency was everywhere. Courteous drivers packed grips in the big rear-end compartments of the coaches, names were called, seats were assigned and we pulled out at intervals along the way south. Good roads made the going easy—(what a marvel, the work that has been done on the roads, everywhere, from the level stretches

to the difficult engineering feats of dugways and switch-backs.) Every mile was a delight. Soon, and very soon, we were in interesting country. Through pioneer towns all down the valley, the great Hurricane fault on our left. Came to Anderson's ranch where the busses all pulled up and the first inkling of the spirit of the trip was manifest. Here, it was pointed out right at the outset, is an old pioneer ranch redolent of the past; the marvel of the perseverance of the pioneers was beginning to take hold.

Off again, through Toquerville, famous in early days for its grapes and Dixie wine, skirting Hurricane and up a long well constructed dugway, on to the Virgin river; then through Rockville and other towns to the mouth of Zion Canyon.

It burst on us all at once, Zion did. There we were under the spell of those mighty mountains almost before we knew it. Massive, tall, mighty, they towered above and we threaded our way along between. Came to the lodge. All out and registered. Luncheon. Then a trip up the Zion-Mt. Carmel highway, out of a lower branch of the canyon. A wonderful piece of road construction it is. the climb up and back and ever up, the canyon floor receding ever farther and farther below and the successive switch-backs, mount-



UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM LODGE ON NORTH RIM OF GRAND CANYON, AT BRIGHT ANGEL POINT. DEDICATED AND FORMALLY OPENED SEPTEMBER 15, 1928

ing with us one after the other. We entered the portal of the tunnel. Why a tunnel? We had climbed on an open roadway high up to the very foot of the beetling, perpendicular, massive mountain. No way to go farther without hewing a solid rock-shelf road or cutting through. The engineers for it, they chose to cut into the solid rock, back into the cliff and up to its very towering summit. A mile of tunnel through the solid cliff with galleries at intervals looking out over the canyon and the open road far, far below. Near the face of the bore in the light of a gallery where the busses, by much backing and cramping, could and did turn 'round, the resident engineer, R. A. Brown gave an informal talk on the history and construction of the gigantic passage.

Not mine to give in detail, the information he imparted; just a few highlights, as I must hurry on the story. I have called it a mile-long tunnel; I have here in my notes that it is 5,700 feet, so I am not outside of facts. It cost \$55 a lineal foot to construct, etc.

Back to the lodge and right on past it to the Temple of Sinawava, the end of the auto road. Here a lecture by Geologist Woodbury and those who wanted hiked to the end of the trail in the narrows. I am here to testify that the hike was interesting.

Must not stay too long in Zion, lest you weary; but I just must mention the Great White Throne, Cable mountain—there's a story in itself, how timber is transported on slender steel cables down from the plateau thousands of feet above the floor of the canyon and out for the building up of the towns below—Angel's Landing, Lady Mountain, the Three Patriarchs, the Watchman, West Temple, and others, awesome in their grandeur and height and massiveness—no disappointment this to those of you who have heard of Zion Canyon and have seen pictures of it but have yet to see it; it will surpass all you can imagine. And the coloring, almost—I say almost—as vivid as the painting of it you have seen.

Back to the lodge, dinner and a program.

It was here the real genius of the trip burst forth. The program featured "Days of '47," Park Superintendent Scoyen was master of ceremonies, under Stephen T. Mather, director of national parks. A well enacted scene of pioneer days was put over and a bit of history was couched in pleasant banter between the m. of c. and a capable pioneer impersonator. But what followed was not impersonation; the old original fife and drum corps that played in pioneer days for Fourth of July and Pioneer day celebrations in Rockville and Grafton made the rafters roll with the shrill call of the fife and the clatter of the drums. The whiskers on the old drummer were his own. His name was Dennett and in a private chat later he said he owned once the spot of ground on which now stands the lodge; on twelve acres he said he cultivated and raised corn and potatoes on that very spot, and reared his family there. He told of the old days when

the Indians were neighbors and just how to get along with them was the real problem.

Too much, pro rata, on Zion Canyon, already, but no getting away from here without telling about an impromptu talk by President Anthony W. Ivins and the impression he made. He spoke reminiscently of the days when he rode the range 'round about and his picture of those old days and the color of patriotism and service he gave to it all touched every listener.

The spirit of the trip was rampant now. This is the land of the "Mormon" pioneers, hardy souls who made the country habitable. Mr. Mather everywhere referred to it, and reverence was in his very eye and voice, welling from his heart whenever, as master of ceremonies, he spoke of it.

Well, next morning off again. At Rockville we crossed the Virgin and climbed out on the table land. Except for steep places it was fast going and soon we crossed the Arizona line.

Then bearing to the eastward we passed through big country, cattle ranges, mesas and cliffs in the distance and to Pipe Springs. This was an official stopping place. All the busses pulled up and unloaded. Can't stop to describe it, save to say it is a rock mason enclosure, two houses facing each other across an inner court, with massive (reconstructed) gates at either end of the court, the whole built over the spring on the side hill at the foot of the fault mountain, a fort built to protect the early settlers 'round about from attacks by hostile Indians. There are the old port holes and the scarred walls, the old, old furniture and the very atmosphere of those romantic and terrifying days. The speakers here were President Heber J. Grant, President Ivins, Mr. Mather, Indian Commissioner Burke and a local pioneer, Jonathan Heaton. It was impressive, the past and the present, the reverence and the rapt attention with which the gathering listened. President Ivins spoke of personal experiences of pioneer days, and President Grant of the pleasure the Church finds in co-operating with the Government in the preservation of landmarks and the development of the country.

And on across the same big country, towering mesas and buttes, vast distances and dim mountains to Fredonia, in Arizona. Here a four-mile dip back into Utah to Kanab for luncheon at the Union Pacific dining lodge, a reconstructed pioneer dwelling. Here, too, was a pleasant surprise. The Kanab ward choir sang a number of selections, among them "Come, Come, Ye Saints," which is not only President Grant's favorite hymn, but, as was said, is also a favorite of Mr. Mather's since he has heard it sung here in Mormondom and has caught the spirit of it. President Grant stood with the choir and sang with the rest of the "Mormon" songsters.

Retrace to Fredonia. On and into the Kaibab forest. From

the open desert to the tree-land. Not too sudden the transition; first a scrub cedar, then another; then a scraggly pine, and another; thicker; finally the thick forest.

You've heard about the deer among the stately trees. They're there.

And what a forest! Big yellow pines standing just close enough together to give the effect of a park; no underbrush, just grass, which in a less dry season and earlier would be green, and the vista of trees fading away and blending in the distance.

And the deer. We in our car counted them. In two's and three's and up to bunches and small herds of from eight or ten to sometimes twenty: our total was just under six hundred.

Through Pleasant Valley, past V. T. ranch, past Jimmy Owens' old pioneer cabin, where 'twas said the late President Theodore Roosevelt camped and, with Owens, hunted cougars on the north rim.

At the lodge. Built right on the cliff overlooking the canyon. Personally, I had my first look into the mighty gorge from the lounge room through the great windows, and from the veranda far out, and farther than one could have gone at any other point. My impression? The same as yours was if you've seen it or will be when you do if you have not. It has been gloriously described times without number, has the Grand Canyon, and after all there is a nameless thrill for any living being who beholds it for the first time. I can't tell you; go and see it!

Only let me quote President Roosevelt:



THE DEER ESPECIALLY LIKE PLEASANT VALLEY

"The Grand Canyon fills me with awe. It is beyond comparison—beyond description; absolutely unparalleled throughout the wide world. It is the one sight that every American should behold."

My own thoughts went instinctively to my Creator, as I looked, and looked. I thought of the cosmic, the primeval. Surely, such grandeur, such a supreme epic of God's handiwork, bestows a new sense of the wonderful in nature, of the earth's beauty and size.

Assignments to cabins de luxe, dinner and an informal program. Here again President Ivins touched the chord of early days; and there were other numbers, among which, I suspect somewhat against their personal desires, was the presentation of the drivers of the busses. A fine lot of manly young fellows, all of them, from the University of Utah, and the Brigham Young University, mostly; clean, upstanding every one.

Next day on the rim. Two trips were planned, either one of which any member of the party could choose, but time not permitting both. One was an auto ride to Cape Royal, the other a horseback ride down the trail, I should say, about two-thirds of the way to the river to Roaring Springs, whence comes the water system by a wonderful piece of engineering for the lodge and surroundings. This was Saturday morning, and just before the parties took off the trail was dedicated, the Kaibab trail. Under Mr. Mather as master of ceremonies, Park Supt. Tillotsen, who was engineer in charge of the construction of the trail, told how it was done and the part played by young men and boys, "Mormon" boys, from the towns and country of southern Utah and northern Arizona. Bishop R. S. McAllister of Kanab broke a bottle of ginger ale on a rock at the foot of the trail sign post and a march of a few rods was staged down the incline, all singing, "There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding."

The trip down the trail must have been great; I know personally that the ride to Cape Royal was, that the luncheon, under an overhanging cliff, was superfine and that the view from the Cape Royal point, far out over a window wall along a narrow passage with thin air on either side and on either side a sheer drop of thousands of feet was impressive. Impressive, I say and I'll let it go at that.

Back to the lodge, dinner and the formal exercises of dedicating the inn. There were numerous speakers, a long list of men representing the different states, the different cities, the different government bureaus and departments, too many to name and attempt to tell what they said. But the dominant note was the wonderful occasion, the service rendered by the great builders, the empire makers, the epoch of the time. Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific, made the formal presentation, and President Heber J. Grant made the closing

address. Mr. Mather was here as elsewhere master of ceremonies, and he sounded the part played by the "Mormon" pioneers and early settlers, referring to President Grant and his people as real builders of a great empire.

We must be getting on. Next day Kanab lay on the regular route. President Grant had gone ahead of the caravan and was in attendance at Sunday School in the pioneer settlement. Bishop McAllister personally came out and invited every man of the party into the chapel and nearly all of them went in. Here they saw how a "Mormon" Sunday School is conducted and the impression on those men was noticeable. An occasion, too, later in the day was the dedication of the new Kanab chapel at which President Grant officiated.

On up the country, characteristic every mile of it, through "Mormon" settlements, such as Orderville, Glendale, past Cedar Breaks Junction, through Hatch and to Bryce Canyon. In time to get the late afternoon effect on the fantastic forms in the massive amphitheatre.

No attempt at description, save to say that Bryce is a blend of exquisite beauty and grotesque grandeur. It is not a canyon in the common conception of the term, but truly an amphitheatre. Opening out of the valley plain in the distance far below, the gorge widens to this wonderful vista at your feet. A vast bowl, in which stand the myriads of forms, gigantic, massive, solid stone, and yet as delicate as lace or filigree, colored with the white of frost and the pinks of glowing embers.

Sunday evening was the program commemorating the formal creation of Bryce canyon national park. There were speeches by representative men called upon by Mr. Mather, featuring a history of national parks in general and of Bryce in particular by Superintendent Allbright of Yellowstone park, an address by President Grant on tenets of the "Mormon" Church and a dedicatory prayer by President Anthony W. Ivins.

Just to illustrate: Mr. Mather, when he called on Presidents Grant and Ivins, said: "President Grant and President Ivins, we love you both; we know and acknowledge your worth and the work you and your people have done for us."

And not a man but caught the self-same spirit.

Calls next morning for the sunrise effect on Bryce. But who can command the sun—in this day and age? That particular morning clouds hung in the east. But they lifted at intervals and gave us a hint of the flaming beauty. Some there were who had seen it before said it was especially effective, the alternating lights and shadows as the clouds shifted across the sky and the sun shone out or hid again its face.

At Bryce that day till 1 o'clock. An auto ride 'round the rim and a climb to Inspiration Point. And this is Bryce! No one can make you see it by proxy. Go, do go and see it.

There was a horseback party down into the canyon, but some of us went down afoot, down among those massive, fantastic forms, the intimate, personal touch, down to the floor of the canyon among the pines, and out by another trail along the slope below the rim and skirting the towering temples and domes that are Bryce.

Then the ride through beautiful mountain country to Cedar Breaks. Cedar Breaks is like Bryce, only not so many forms, but fully as large in amphitheatre extent and as deep and awe-inspiring.

And then the last leg; and the psychology of it! From an elevation of 9,000 feet on the rim of the Great Basin a sudden drop past the country looking down on the very head of Zion canyon with its towering mountains in the distance and flaming, gorgeous autumn foliage colors, into Cedar canyon, in itself a very marvel of a gorge, and down and out to Cedar City, the place whence we started.

One more banquet, with speeches and resolutions and felicitations, and a surprise. By courtesy of President Heber J. Grant arrangements were made with the director and the members of the Cedar City choir to sing for that party of men, visitors most of them to Utah and most of whom had never heard such an aggregation of singers. And did they like it, those men? They stood up and applauded and cheered and could not seem to get enough, and the generous singers gave them a lot, too; and it was fine singing, such as only a good "Mormon" choir can put over.

At this last meeting, too, Mr. Mather referred feelingly to the warm friendships made on the trip, to the broader understandings as between men and groups of men that had resulted from the fellowship of the trail, and expressed gratitude to a Divine Providence that no mishap or unpleasant circumstance had marred the event from the beginning to end. As a last expression of good-will, he asked President Ivins to pronounce a benediction. And that benediction was given as from one holding the divine right to speak for Christian men in communion with their Maker, an impressive finale to an occasion that will mark a new era for Utah and its people.

That's all. The party separated. The specials pulled out and the Pullman berths were ready, for the visitors from other states or for the Salt Lakers. We arrived in Salt Lake for an early start on a day's work, back from a wonderful trip.

And remember, the work, the lives, and the service rendered by the pioneers of southern Utah is coming into its own and will be in the limelight as the thousands of tourists visit those wonder places in future years.

A Man Among Men

BY IRA J. MARKHAM



BUD SHIELDS. ROCKY MOUNTAIN SWIMMING
CHAMPION

TO lift a hundred-pound weight with one arm; to go spinning dizzily around in a one and a half somersault; to speed through the water to the end of the pool; to turn in a flash and be back again, were marvels to the small boy as he stood gazing longingly at the swimmers at Liberty Park.

These men looked much the same as the ones in the books and magazines at home, champion wrestlers, champion boxers and, above all, champion swimmers. They were his idols, they possessed something he did not have, something he had always dreamed of but as yet that dream had never been realized.

He looked down at himself, skinny, round-shouldered, sickly and weak. He could not play with boys his own age; even the ones younger than himself could push him around, and he had to take it.

It was his dream to be big and strong—a real man among men.

Eight years passed. Fifteen hundred pair of eyes were centered upon a slim, fair-haired youth as he stood upon the mark waiting. What chance did he have against the mighty Ault, of Michigan, in this grueling 440-yard race. Ault, a star performer, the pride of a state, the present National record holder, swimming at top form and declared unbeatable by all the Eastern coaches. This young fellow, Shields, from the wilds of Utah had made a remarkable showing the night before, however. He would bear watching.

"Swimmers ready, judges and timers ready. Get ready—go!"

They were off. "Shields is leading—now he is not, there he makes up on the turn. Eighteen lengths to go. They are starting too fast; they can't stand it, the Western boy will peter out before he is half way.

"Look at that white-haired kid go! He is neck and neck with

Ault. See how he makes those turns, beautiful, just a swish and he is gone.

"Fourteen lengths and still going strong. Fifteen lengths, sixteen—still together. Two more lengths to the finish. See him now, look at him go. He is gaining, he is passing Ault—is running away from him! He has beaten him ten feet in two lengths!"

"Results of the 440-yard dash!" The announcer's stentorian voice reverberated through the room and stilled the tumult of the crowd.

"Shields, of Brigham Young University, Utah, first; Ault, of Michigan, second. Time 5:08.4 seconds, a new National record and clipping fifteen seconds off the former National Inter-collegiate record of 5:23 held by Samson of Michigan."

It was a glorious meet. Competition was keener than ever before. Freshmen had been allowed to enter the meet for the first time, due to the fact that this was an official Olympic tryout. The first four men in each event being eligible for the finals to decide the team to represent the United States at Amsterdam, Holland, in the summer.

Twenty-two of the largest colleges in the country were represented at the meet. More than a hundred of the best swimmers of the nation were there. New records had been set in nearly every event by this choice group of athletes who had assembled in Philadelphia for the annual National meet.

"All out for the 220 yard dash!" The audience appraised the men as they stepped forward. "What, was Shields going to enter this race too? Surely that other long race, made in record-breaking time, was enough to kill any man. What was his coach thinking of? Why, there had only been the four dives and the 150-yard backstroke since he got out of the water; he hadn't even had time to get his breath."

Anyone examining him closely could see a different expression on Bud's face. Before, he had stood on the mark with hands on hips, relaxed, seemingly oblivious to all about him. He was more serious now, with a look of determination on his face. He knew this was to be his supreme test. He knew that Schwartz, of Northwestern, was the favorite, that he had been kept fresh for this race so as to be sure to win; it was his specialty and he had never been beaten.

Bud had been urged to stay out. They told him he didn't have a ghost of a show, but he was determined. Though a little sick from the last race, the thought that he was swimming for his Alma Mater, Brigham Young University, and the ones at home who had backed him, buoyed him up. He was going to win, no matter what the cost.

The crowd cheered for him. The pluck and determination of this youth had won a place in their hearts; they wanted to see him victorious.

"How could he stand it?" was a question on every lip. "Look

at him there, starting out on that 220 as if it were but the 40-yard dash." The first 100 yards in fifty-seven seconds, the same time as his Rocky Mountain record for that event and yet he had five grueling lengths to go after that.

The audience couldn't tell it, but he knew he was weakening—still in the lead but with margin so slight that it didn't count much in the 220. Schwartz was pushing him hard, everyone expected him to forge ahead any minute.

Four more lengths to go. The strain was beginning to tell. The boy's arms were heavy, his legs numb. Schwartz was right behind. Must he give up?

He thought of his mother and father in Provo, of Coach Leaf on the bank, swimming every stroke with him. He thought of his teammates at home who were praying for his success; could hear the rah—rah—rah of the old school yell as it rang in his ears when he left. Each cheer seemed to add strength to his stroke. It was the "sixth man" of the basketball team, the "twelfth man" of the gridiron; the spirit of the "Y" was in his veins and he fought on.

How glad he was that he had followed Coach Leaf's advice; that he had not lost sleep in carousing around; that he had been reared in the heart of the mountains where the pure mountain air had helped him build his body. He was glad that his heart and lungs were not impaired by nicotine and alcohol. Those six years of intensive training were standing behind him now. He needed just that added store of energy which springs from a clean life. He rallied all the forces at his command for that last desperate sprint.

Memory of his years of training swept over him as he started on that last long stretch.

He wasted not a glance on the goal or on the crowds which were looking on. His long, slender arms whipped out methodically though with lightning-like rapidity as he gathered all the water he could against his strong hands. Like a long, white fish, he shot through the choppy waters until an out-stretched hand touched the goal.

He had won! The "Mormon" from the mountains had won the National championship, for Schwartz was still behind. He was helped from the pool almost in a daze at the thought of his victory.

The ovation of the crowd reached him but faintly. Three National records broken by one man the same night! The first time anything of the kind had ever been done in the whole history of National Inter-collegiate swimming.

By gaining two first places, he had won individual honors of the meet. Single handed he had tied with seven men from Stanford for third place in the team standing of the nation.

"Shields, I want to tell you that I have seen every National swimming meet for the last twenty-five years, but never before have

I seen so brilliant work, so gritty swimming as you have displayed here tonight," said a nationally known expert as he shook hands with the boy.

He little thought eight years before that his dreams would be fulfilled to such an extent. While gazing longingly at the swimmers in Liberty Park, that day, he little dreamed that some day he would not only be better than any there, but that he would receive such a compliment from Frank Sullivan, one of the greatest authorities on swimming in the world. Truly he had reached his goal. He was a man among men.

WHY SMOKE ANYWAY

(1) It takes time. This is the most precious thing in the world. (2) It befouls the air. Pure air is God's first and best gift to man. (3) It burns up money. Money is the circulating life-blood of commerce and society. (4) It hinders work. By work we win in this world. (5) It weakens the heart. The time is coming when you will need every bit of its strength. (6) It endangers health. U. S. Grant and Mark Twain both died of tobacco poison. (7) It is a habit-forming drug. You become its slave. (8) It is not recommended by your mother. The boy's best friend is his mother. (9) It is unclean. Paul says, "Keep thyself clean." (10) All smoke is waste and impairs health. Tobacco smoke is doubly so. He who abates it is a benefactor.

THE EAGLE FLIGHT

Your bridges spanned, your ensign up and leading,

For you, O boy, no turning at the helm,

For there are those who sail at your succeeding,

Who weigh an anchor just within your realm.

Your step, O boy, must tread for those who falter,

Who choose the side lines rather than the race,

Who, seeing you a laggard, step may alter,

To walk with you and swing into the pace.

Your light, O boy, must lead for those who follow,

Whose font of life with you must be secure,

For theirs the "eagle flight or theirs the wallow,"

As you be foul the stream or keep it pure.

Some Inter-relations Between Religion and Economics*

BY DR. MAX HAENLE, UNIVERSITY OF ERLANGEN, BAVARIA

MR. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I was very glad to accept the invitation of a pupil of the great triple-star Conrad-Wagner-Schmoller, President Dr. George Thomas, to give a lecture before the summer school of the Alma Mater Utahensis on my return from Hawaii and Samoa en route to Germany. From the outset neither the president nor I had any doubt as to the subject of my talk, inasmuch as one of my special fields of research has commanded an ever-increasing interest in America during the last few years. I am thinking of the inter-relation between religious and economic life. Various observations have shown me that many well educated men have conceived this problem only in the form of their own thoughts about the financial practices of churches, but in reality it is much more complex and comprehensive. Indeed, it is so broad that I shall not be able to do more than point out briefly the different forms in which this problem is disclosed. It will be impossible, therefore, to enter into an exhaustive treatment of the subject. At the outset of my remarks, I should like to emphasize the fact that we can speak of those inter-relations between religion and economics only which lend themselves to exact scientific investigation. This very appreciable limitation is necessary, however, if our inquiry is not to result in a mixture of pietistic phrases and economic principles. To be still more explicit: the purely personal experience of religious truths which cannot be conceived through a process of pure reasoning, never expanding beyond our own consciousness, and which will never become a completely comprehensible entity of historical research, cannot find consideration in our investigation. I well know, and put special emphasis on the fact, that this profound inward religious experience, this marvelous communion of the faithful with his God, and this eternal play of question and answer concerning the final meaning of this existence, is the chief characteristic of all religion. Let us not forget this when we now hear critical statements regarding *those* phases of the religious phenomenon which properly belong to the ecclesiastical superstructure of a religion and which are rationally conceivable. The transcendent nucleus of each religion, I think, is contained in a shell of varying strength. This shell, ever-changing our mind, knows how to pierce

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and to examine with critical understanding. It is only the pith which we are not in a position to analyze rationally. We shall not and cannot master the mystery of faith with the weapons of cold reasoning. People who are able to think only in terms of the sensually perceptible in nature will never visualize the true essence of religion. You should keep this fact in mind, and I am very sorry to say that our subject has been treated from this perspective in a small number of instances only. If people had always had due regard for this point of view it would have been impossible for so much nonsense to be published, disguised in the robes of science. One who has not been quickened himself by *that* phase of religion which lies beyond all rationalism has no right to speak of religious experiences; his words are just as empty as those of a flapper talking about exalted love. After this introduction which was by no means unnecessary, nobody should misunderstand me later on, when I return to the intellectually conceivable relations between religious and economic life.

I do not wish to begin—as systematizers are wont to do—with an extended inquiry about the meaning of the term religion on one hand and that of economics on the other. I desire only to point out briefly that we must not think of the term religion too narrowly and that we do not understand religion to be identical with religiosity or piety. I have already tried to make this clear in my introductory remarks. We are to understand by religion the sum total of all conceptions, actions, and institutions by which men, with the help of the original difference between things sacred and things profane, are able to attach a deeper meaning to their lives. By economics, on the other hand, we are to understand the sum total of all conceptions, actions, and institutions by which man aims to establish a lasting material basis for the satisfaction of his needs. Is religion in any way connected with that?

You will perhaps recall the words of the biblical account of the creation, "Multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it." If you compare the doctrine of the Jainistic or Buddhistic religion with this statement, especially the Buddhistic formula of confession, "A monk who tills the ground or has it cultivated is in need of repentance," you will see that the attitude of religious systems toward fundamental economic questions is by no means the same. In one instance we see an attitude favorably inclined toward economics, in the other the attitude is of a hostile character. In addition to the *general* position of a religious system, regarding questions of economic life, *special* religious precepts concerning economic pursuits are of equal importance. I am thinking of the Israelites now who received very circumstantial economic rules from their God. These instructions were so detailed that even all agriculture became regulated by religious standards. In passing I shall mention only the command to treat

animals with kindness, where it says, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the grain." Other religious injunctions in connection with economic life are of much greater importance. I call your attention to the Thomistic conception of *justum pretium*, or to the laws of the Middle-Ages forbidding the taking of interest. For anybody who wants to get a deeper insight into medieval economic life, an understanding of these regulations is indispensable. I should like to refer you briefly to an extremely interesting and instructive example which shows plainly and forcibly the relation between religious institutions and economic life. According to the individualistic school money came into existence in economic life, but in several countries at least, as for example in India, it originated in religious life. For the latter country this has been shown beyond doubt by the studies of Pran Nath, who is professor of economic history at the University of Benares, and a pupil of the well-known sociologist. O. Spann, Vienna. As early as the time of barter there existed coined pieces of precious metal in India. At first these coins had no significance economically; they were nothing but the expression of standardized remuneration for the priest's services. The pictures on the coin all stood in a symbolic relation to different religious rites. It was not until later that these coins assumed the characteristics of money in the modern sense of the word. Besides the examples just given we could quote many more from all stages of the history of civilization. However, I am unable to do so during the limited time at my command.

We must emphasize not only the theoretical and specifically doctrinal aspects of certain faiths and their relation to economics, but for some religions at least we must also attach great importance in our present investigation to the connection between existing religious forms of organization in the broadest sense of the word, and economic life. In their economic importance the temples of Greece as institutions resemble, to a large degree, our modern savings or deposit banks. In those days deposit vaults were unknown, but for a long period of time the sanctity of the temple guaranteed that the gold and silver deposited in Delphi—the Wall Street of Greece—did not become the spoil of the ancestors of our Chicago gangmen. In this connection we must say a word also about the importance of the Temple of Mercurius in Rome which was the sacral center of a very influential merchant guild. And our modern "Messen" ** (English-fairs) grew out of small fairs which were originally held in connection with religious festivals. The concurrence of the October General Confer-

**The German "Messe" is of the same origin as our word "mass." "Messe" in its economic meaning is the equivalent of the English word "fair." The word "fair" comes from the Latin "feriae"—which means religious holidays or festivals. So even the history of the English word "fair" reveals its connection with religious life in earlier times.

ence and the Utah State Fair, in Salt Lake City, can possibly be explained in a similar way. A classical example of the influence of existing religious institutions upon economic life must pass by no means unmentioned. I am thinking of the colonization activity which always followed the religious endeavor of missionaries. Of the Roman institution of "ver sacrum," a heathen example which is farther removed from our experience, I shall make brief mention only. Christian missionary work, with which we are more familiar and which is of much greater consequence, has a decidedly greater interest for us. Following the Christian messenger of faith there always came the spade. The monasteries of the Middle-Ages, besides being religious and scientific centers, were also economic centers for long centuries. The fathers brought the "credo" and destroyed many harmful superstitious conceptions, the brothers brought the spade and new plants for cultivation, together with many other devices by which the monasteries stimulated economic development. Whether we quote California, or England, or Germany as examples, the same fact may be observed. During my recent stay in the South Seas I saw new evidences of the importance of the Christian missions in the economic life of the nations. In the South Seas, as well as in other parts of the so-called uncivilized world, the missions have established schools in which are taught not only subjects of a general educational value, but subjects also which are important in our economic order of things. The significance of this establishment of schools, however important it may be, is of no greater consequence in connection with our problem than the weight which must be attached to the change in the total attitude of the natives through their conversion to Christianity. Phenomena which are the result of the operation of physical causal law never play any characteristic and important part in the present system of any modern religion. Today we understand such phenomena with the aid of physical causal laws. The teachings of religion, with a few exceptions only, are concerned with other things. With primitive people this is quite different. The old Polynesians and Melanesians knew no more of the operation of physical causal laws in the world of matter than the great Arminius. Nevertheless there was an impelling incentive for primitive man to become familiar with the forces of nature because *he*, not having any conception at all of the operation of physical causal laws, as I have already pointed out, might well hope to prevail upon these forces according to his desire, just as he was able to influence his fellow-men. All these attempts to gain control over nature forces, quite unknown to primitive man in their real character, belong to the religious sphere and are of great economic importance. Before dealing with this aspect of the question, however, we must take a closer view of the belief of primitive man in powers in the universe, whose activ-

ity may be beneficial or detrimental to him. Sometimes these powers are conceived as an entity or as one uniform force. Examples of this conception are the Melanesian "mana," the Iroquoian "orenda," the Scandinavian "makt," and the Iranian "maga." From the latter expression our English word "magic" is derived.

The seaworthiness of a canoe or the destructive force of an arrow depend on their richness in "mana." In our day these notions are prevalent not only in some parts of the South Seas but even in Scandinavian farming districts you may hear a word which savors of these old pre-Christian notions. It is the word "makt stulen"—deprived of power. The Swedish farmer likes to use this expression when he is convinced that his horse does not measure up to its normal efficiency. Besides such ideas, which recognize only one force as final cause of all things, history affords many examples of a belief in a large number of different nature forces. Both conceptions—and this is of particular importance—may be regarded as constituting one general group, the chief characteristic of which is that the relation between man and these forces above him, with which he is but partly acquainted, is regarded as an intercommunion of a purely objective nature. Such a conception we call the dynamistic conception. The class of phenomena just discussed is clearly distinguishable from another class in which the forces of nature, with which man stands in daily contact, assume personal forms. Here the superhuman forces are conceived as having the characteristics of human beings who influence man and who may be influenced by him. This class of primitive religious ideas is usually known as the demonistic conception. At this stage of our investigation it is important to understand that primitive religion is oft times merely the handmaiden of economic life. Primitive man who is engaged in a continuous struggle with nature has not yet developed any religious or philosophical abstractions. The strife with the forces of nature, the rational laws of which he has not yet discovered, contributes the sum of his existence. His primitive religious concepts, as I have already indicated, are nothing but attempts to understand nature and to find methods for its control. Dominion over nature, however, is the natural foundation of all economic life. My contention that religion often serves economic purposes and that it is closely connected with economy may be proved even by examples from religions in a more advanced state of evolution. The Romans of early times, who progressed a step farther when they elevated their old faith in demons to a belief in gods, gave a religious sanctity to all their important economic undertakings. I should like to call your attention to a really striking example of this close connection between economic activity and religion. I am thinking of the long list of Roman indigenous gods. Sterculinus protects fertilization; Vervactor, the first plowing; Radarator, the second

plowing; Imporcitor, the third plowing; Sator, the sowing; Obarator, the subsequent plowing; Occator, the harrowing; Subruncinator, the weeding before the harvest, etc. This example teaches us in an unequivocal manner not only the utmost importance of religious conceptions in the economic pursuits of man which we have already seen, but also the important role which purely economic factors have played in the shaping of religious systems. Marx, whose theory is the foundation of the entire socialistic movement, has flatly denied to religion all independence of character and has explained all religious phenomena to be a function of economic life. So much only in passing. Our problem, therefore, has two sides. We have to distinguish as far as it is possible, between religious conceptions arising from economic factors, and economic practices which are an outgrowth of religious conceptions existing independently of economic conditions. On account of the close inter-relation between both developments it will be hard in many instances to point out clearly the proportionate influence of each factor.

I am thinking now of one circumstance which is of the greatest importance even today; namely, the close inter-relation between Calvinism and modern capitalism. The favor with which both regard economic activity, as well as a number of specific and peculiar doctrines, such as predestination, have given the religion of Calvin, as Max Weber has shown, a position of dominance in the history of modern capitalistic thought. Calvinism, especially as it was developed later by Beza, sees in economic success an expression of God's grace. The endeavor to demonstrate tangibly this grace by economic achievement has given an amazing impetus to the desire for gain. The tendency toward increased efficiency manifesting itself in our standards of life, and the desire to exercise freely our economic capacities—both of which are characteristic of our modern economic life—were typical already of Calvin's Geneva. From there they spread, winning universal importance, to Britain and the New England states. Through his fight against the scholastic ban on interest and his teachings regarding the productivity of money and credit which are more closely related to our modern conceptions, Calvin has done a great deal to free business from its old fetters. In connection, however, with Calvin's activity as a whole, these specific regulations are of more or less secondary importance. They are but an outgrowth of the new place which is assigned by his teachings to all economic life. The Calvinistic-Puritan sects afford the most striking example of people succeeding in the world through rigid abstinence and self-denial (*innerweltliche Askese*), and by no means through a life-negating piety cultivated behind convent walls. This religious attitude of theirs is the antithesis of the old doctrine of the institution of salvation. One who does not see this difference plainly will not be able to gain a clear

picture of the economic and cultural importance of Puritanism. A Puritan has to succeed in the busy, producing world. Economic success gives him the assurance that he belongs to the elect. He is opposed to the mysticism of monastic life. Although we realize the full value of model economic activity on the part of monasteries we must not forget that the Catholic ideal during the Middle-Ages, which considered him the *best* Christian who fled from the turmoil of life into a realm of mysticism and reflection behind the walls of a cloister, was by no means as forceful an incentive to economic productivity as Calvinism which rejected monastic life completely. Besides such specific views of the reformers, especially of Calvin and his school, in favor of economic activity, there grew out of the general mental attitude during the Reformation other factors, as we shall see, which became of economic importance. Let us not forget, though, that the strong emphasis of economic factors in Protestantism, however important it may be, contains no doubt elements of excess and onesidedness, which often make economic life a civilisatory end in itself and not a cultural means to an end.

Nothing marks more distinctly that great religious movement at the end of the Middle-Ages which had its inception with Luther, and a strictly secular parallel of which we see in the Renaissance, than the fact that it broke up the authoritatively restricted culture of the Middle-Ages. Luther and the other reformers have liberated the soul more completely. As we may well expect, their view of the freedom of mind, a mere creed in the beginning, has left a lasting mark upon the nature of men directly as well as indirectly through the influence of a church, the character of whose organization was largely determined by the idea of that new freedom.

The Roman Catholic church is a monarchical institution. All Protestant denominations are more or less democratic. In a Protestant church the congregation generally elects the preacher; in the Catholic church the superior church government installs the priest. The Protestant reads the Bible and draws his own conclusions regarding the text; the Catholic has no such liberty; he has to adhere to the official interpretation of the church. A comparison of the Catholic and Protestant attitude of mind demonstrates, on the other hand, that all individualism of extreme intensity contains within itself the germ of its own destruction. I have in mind not only the many Christian dwarf sects whose origin can be accounted for only by this extreme individualism, but above all I am thinking of the truth that overemphasized individualism leads gradually to an autonomous subjectism, as we find it in the different epochs of amalgamation of Protestantism and the spirit of the Renaissance, and develops at last a culture of reason, following which there will always arise a mechanistic conception of the world which does not leave room for the individual as

such. In the world of physical causal laws and atoms the individual then becomes an illusion, a mere aggregation. It has lost its character as an individual. The history of the last four centuries' culture shows plainly the result of such extreme individualistic views. A still more striking example of this development is the characteristic endeavor of many present-day churches to grow beyond this individual isolation in order to gain a more vital and meaningful concept of the church. Never have I experienced a stronger evidence of this new spirit than during the World Conference of Churches in Stockholm in 1925, which had been called and presided over by Dr. Nathan Soederblom, eminent organizer and scientist. During the sessions and in private conversations in Sweden's beautiful capital, with church men from all parts of the world, I had a singular opportunity to get in touch more intimately with those many cultural movements the beginnings of which are traceable to the Reformation of four hundred years ago. One of the most valuable results of my visit in Stockholm was the observation that in Protestant churches there is, for obvious reasons resulting from the very nature of Protestantism, no parallel to the typically Catholic thoroughness in the treatment of purely dogmatic problems, while present-day Protestantism is over-zealous to circumscribe all institutions of daily life. America with its Protestantism of a Calvinistic shade affords very interesting examples in this respect; for example, the activity of the Methodist and Baptist churches regarding the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The general position of the Catholic church, as is well known, is less serene and "dry." It still perpetuates the ancient joy of life and lays particular stress on all factors that make for more esthetic living and a richer culture. The Catholic considers the activities of the iconoclasts to have been a deplorable smallness, to say the least, which does not encourage art by any means. In some respects the tolerance of Catholic missionaries is similar to this phase of Catholic attitude, for they are more favorably inclined toward the preservation of old customs and traditions in non-Christian mission fields than many Protestant messengers, whose narrowness in this particular respect I had occasion to observe personally.

We have now gone far out of our way into fields not yet tapped by western culture, with their strange and interesting conceptions of spirit and soul. Please let me make a suggestion here. Some day, when you have a quiet hour, I should like that you reflect on the three possible ways in which a religion might regard the concept of the soul and the importance which these views have sociologically. One of these views does not regard the soul as an immortal independent entity at all. Buddha held this view. He taught again and again that there is neither an immortal soul nor a god. By a strange irony of fate the average Buddhist of today believes once more in souls and

gods and venerates Buddha as the highest among the gods. In some respects this complete change of the foundations of the old Buddhistic view is merely a result of the economic environment of the primitive Chinese who did not understand the deep philosophy of Buddha's religion and who, therefore, developed for himself a belief in gods and souls which was to give him comfort and support in the hard life which he has to lead. Let us return, however, to the original Buddhistic conception denying the "ego" to be an immortal religious entity. This religious view of a fundamentally negative nature—which comes into conflict with our self-consciousness, every hour, must be kept in mind, if we wish to understand fully the hostile attitude toward all visible progress, characteristic of original Buddhism. Modern man has to change the foundations of his thinking if he wishes to find his way through these old Buddhistic ideas. But anybody who goes to the trouble of penetrating into that world of reflection will come back to our modern ways of thought and life with many new ideas.

While Buddha denied the existence of an immortal soul without reservation, the view of the religion of ancient Greece is diametrically opposed to Buddha's teachings. The Greeks conceived man's soul to be practically absolute—for they believed that an inevitable fate governed the final destinies of gods and men alike (Moirai doctrine)—and thought it to be independent of the gods in its existence as a soul. They did not know prayer in its present form. Their supplications to their gods remind us of contract bargaining. "If you, Zeus, will help me to be victorious in this battle, I shall bring you a sacrifice of one hundred oxen." The relation of the immortal soul to its god, as it appears in the several monotheistic religions was entirely unknown at that time. Therefore the ancient people's whole view of life was entirely different from our own. We cannot afford to overlook these facts if we want to gain a true conception of the economic side of any type of man. The Christian religion, knowing of an immortal and responsible, but by no means entirely independent, soul, but rather conceiving it as a part of the divine principle, has developed a sense of life entirely its own. Within the several Christian churches there are, of course, small differences in degree of independence and responsibility of the soul. I have already pointed out some differences between the Catholic and Protestant religion in this respect. I have also spoken of the importance of this greater freedom of originally religious conceptions in our economic life and development. I have endeavored to show you just a few of the many inter-relations between religion and economic life. In the short time at my command our treatment has been fragmentary, of course. But I hope that some of you have become interested in these questions sufficiently to pursue them further with the help of suitable literature. The subject merits

a thorough study, without doubt, if for no other reason than that this investigation always brings us back to the old truth of the unity of human life, the different aspects of which, namely the religious, the economic, the political, the scientific, and the artistic aspects, are understood only when we understand the comprising higher whole.

Aristotle said, "to gar holon anankaion proteron einai tou merous,"—the whole is necessarily earlier than the part. Due to the sway of individualistic scientific methods during the last centuries, we have dwelt too much upon the details in our work and have lost insight into the great, all-pervading principles without which it is impossible to gain a true picture of single phenomena; for they do not stand alone in the world but are themselves nothing but parts of a higher entity.

We shall now leave the things with which you are, perhaps, less familiar, to consider conditions with which you are better acquainted. As you may know already, I have investigated the relations between the "Mormon" religion and the economic development of Utah. The conditions which I found are so interesting that I do not regret for one moment having come so far.

(To be Continued)

THE PLAN

Back in that great beginning,
Where Gods in council stood,
They planned a glorious future
For spirits great and good.
They planned an earth probation,
"A place where these may dwell,"
To walk by faith and patience,
Their blessings they'd foretell.

The elements were gathered,
And soon the earth was framed,
With streams and vegetation;
The planets then were named.
The sun in all his glory,
By day gave warmth and light,
The moon and stars in heaven
Gave splendor to the night.

Spirits soon were earthward bound,
Their bodies to possess,
To live a while, as mortal men,
To serve in earnestness;
A new world to replenish
Which God for them prepared.
He planned for them a destiny;
In all he had, they shared.

Pilgrims now we find ourselves
'Midst broken harmony,
Where plans are sometimes thwarted,
Through tear-dimmed eyes we see.
Sometimes we're tried and tested,
When dark'ning shadows fall,
We wonder what the purpose—
Is it worth-while, after all?

Then comes the great conviction,
That, burning in the soul,
Gives faith, and hope, and courage,
God helps us win the goal.
Our faith grows stronger, day by day,
In that eternal plan,
That all things work together
For the final good of man.

And while we are but strangers,
As in this life we roam,
Our course is ever upward
Toward that glorious home.
The joy of that reunion
When to heav'n we ascend!
We'll meet our friends and loved ones,
If we're faithful to the end.

As the Returned Missionary Views It

BY ROLAND C. PARRY

MISSIONARIES and more missionaries! They come and go ceaselessly, and the Church goes on and on towards perfection. There shall be no halt in its progress; for God has ordained, as related in Daniel's interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, that the rock cut out without hands which smote the image and crumpled it, which is the Kingdom of God, shall become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

But what of these standard-bearers—they who have spent some of the best and most valuable years of their lives in the mission field? What does the Church offer them when they come home, humble but proud of their achievements, and glowing with life and happy anticipation? Theirs is a staunch faith in the Gospel! Theirs is the spirit of the crusader—that of the dauntless champion ready to defend righteousness here at home with zeal and devotion. What shall be done for them?

Consider the status of our missionaries after they have become seasoned and experienced in their work of proselyting out among the nations of the world. They are leaders in very deed—leaders of men. No matter where one travels, whether it be in the regions of Africa, down in the South Sea islands of the Pacific, or in the heart of a great metropolis, one will find grave responsibilities resting upon the shoulders of our young missionaries. In the eyes of the Saints with whom they are associated, they are the Lord's chosen servants, possessed of the judgment and wisdom which divine inspiration gives. They are blessed with those qualities which make them true representatives of the Church. They not only take the initiative in spiritual activities, but they are constantly sought in temporal counsel by the Saints.

Presidents of districts and branches have duties comparable in many ways to those of our stake and ward executives. They, together with the elders laboring with them, each of whom has duties not unlike those of bishops' counselors, spend their entire time preaching the Gospel and directing the spiritual welfare of the members living outside the stakes of Zion. In other words, they develop initiative and assume the responsibilities that fall to the lot of leaders in Church activities and do so for an extended period of time.

Then, when they are at their best and have complete confidence in their work and in themselves, and after they have labored diligently and perhaps have seen the fruits of their planting, they are honorably released. Released to what?

They arrive home possessed of ideals gleaned from a humble study of Christ's life. In their travels they have been circumspect. They are clean; yet, most of them are youthful, and young trees cannot have become so deeply rooted as those of venerable age. The Church owes them something, especially at this period of transition in their lives. It owes them responsible work in the ward or stake, be it home missionary duties, teaching classes, executive positions, or at least opportunities to speak in Church now and then. Are these opportunities provided for them at this critical time? Are newly returned missionaries encouraged to continue their ministry at home? Too often, perhaps, they are forgotten and allowed to sink into mediocrity and become nonentities in Church life. Is it any wonder that some of them grow cold in the faith when life buffets them with such extremes? Have you ever noticed how old age is hastened by retirement from active life? Successful men who have worked constantly for decades and then have retired to a life of ease have precipitated old age upon themselves by so doing. Inactivity of the body is conducive to physical ailments, and inactivity of the spirit brings a weakening of the spirit and consequent inefficiency.

Notice the preliminary actions of the next batter up at a baseball game. He swings two or three bats lustily in order to have his body muscles keyed up to act in perfect coordination and with power when he strides up to the plate. The added load of bats puts his muscles in just the right condition, so that when he swings at the ball he has a maximum of power behind it. Likewise in the mission field an elder is almost constantly doing double duty. His responsibilities are many, so that when he arrives at the "home plate" he is certainly ready to step in and "hit the ball."

Only today the writer was informed by a friend that since his return home from his mission, fourteen years ago, he has been asked to speak in services but four times; although, it may be added, he has more than average ability as a public speaker. Now if his experience in the field was like that of many missionaries, who speak two and three times in a day, think how his mind must have reacted at such sudden and prolonged idleness. We are prone to place young men who have just successfully completed their missions back where they were two, three, or four years ago. Such lack of recognition and consideration will undoubtedly have its effect on the younger returned missionaries, and, being young, they can easily get into habits that are not good.

Certainly this article is not in defense of returned missionaries who have lost their testimonies to the extent of falling into real transgression. Nor has it any bearing on the writer's personal experience whose good fortune it was to be placed in a responsible position just at such critical time. Rather, what is written here aims to remind

ward officers and every member of the Church of the fact that it is within their power to keep the great majority of returned missionaries in possession of the burning testimonies that they had while preaching the Gospel abroad.

A wise old Maori of New Zealand once made this statement to the writer, spoken in his own graphic language: "Man is a duality, consisting of the spiritual body in complement to that of the physical. We nourish our physical selves very religiously because we take immediate pleasure in doing so. If conditions arise when it becomes impossible to provide our bodies with sustenance, they lose their vitality and in time waste away and grow old. Likewise our spiritual bodies thrive on spiritual food, which is engendered by our good works—doing our duties and magnifying our callings. And we certainly experience pleasure from so doing. But as spiritual food is intangible, and we are so uninformed and skeptical about things we cannot see, it is not so easily obtained. Satan is constantly exerting all his forces to divert us from partaking of this spiritual nourishment and often he succeeds to such an extent that even the desire for it leaves us. Consequently the spirit weakens and grows cold as do our physical tabernacles in death."

We are all subject to temptations. The evil one takes great delight in wearing down the spiritual strength of men and women who have been blessed with special testimonies. He realizes that returned missionaries are prizes worth winning, and certainly he takes advantage of every chance that comes to recruit them to his cause.

Arriving home, the returned missionary with his high ideals deplores the absence of such among many of his associates. He appears sanctimonious to his former pals and friends. Many of his relatives and acquaintances think he is too good ever to fall by the wayside. Many people with whom he will have to associate in school or in business may consider him of little account because he is a returned missionary. It takes active Church work on his part, which will constantly buoy him up and stabilize his religious convictions, to keep him from sliding down to the level of many around him. Right then he needs the help of his Church in the form of opportunities to go on developing his spiritual self to the point where he can safely and surely grade his surroundings as right or wrong, and choose that which is right. Surely the Church must not ignore him just when Satan has discovered that he is a shining mark—just after he has arrived home with all the strong instincts of youth and before he has become readjusted to life at home with its vastly different entailments.

These first few months constitute a most strenuous period in his life. In the field, religion has been his whole world and he has developed religiously far beyond the average man of his age. Coming

home, he must give most of his time to making a living in competition with men whose constant endeavor is to grow rich and who have developed beyond him in that capacity. His better self cries out against the irregularities of the life around him, and with prayerful conviction he determines to adhere to his ideals—ideals which prompt him to give service to others and constantly to improve himself in an educational way.

It is to be hoped that he finds the woman he loves and is united with her under the marriage covenant as soon as conditions permit; for there is no more certain truth than that it is not good for man to be alone. In the last few years it has become a necessity that a man specialize in one small field, which requires either college training or its equivalent. This complexity of modern life has often necessitated deferring marriage for several years, which complicates matters the more. Certainly with all these perplexities facing him, the returned missionary should be assisted by the Church—not in any monetary manner—but in keeping his soul developed spiritually by providing him with ample opportunities to extend himself in keeping with his previous training.

But he must accept in good grace whatever he is appointed to do because humility is a heavenly attribute. If he has the true spirit of the Gospel he will experience joy in doing whatever the bishop or heads of the auxiliary organizations can offer him.

After all, he must realize that he has been placed on this earth to work out his own destiny. No returned missionary should assume the attitude that he is better qualified than his associates in the ward to lead out in activities just because he has been preaching abroad. Let him come home in humility and take what is given him. If he excels it will shine out in due time.

He must realize, too, what a serious problem confronts the officers of the ward and stake. They must apportion out to these hundreds of recently-returned missionaries work that will suffice to keep them whole-heartedly interested and also provide a means for their increasing spiritual growth. But that is just what our Church can do. For just such purposes as this, it has been established. It paves the way to increased happiness and righteous efficiency and power for every person in the world who will but heed its call. Surely the emissaries of righteousness shall be blessed, according to their works.

“When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of a fruitful flower; when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions are steady, deep, perpetual and vivifying to the soul as is the natural pulse to the body.”—*John Ruskin*.

Are the Promises Fulfilled?

THOUSANDS of tourists annually visit the Church office building in Salt Lake City. They are usually met at the door by an attendant who volunteers to show them through the beautiful structure. His pleasant face and manner, his courtesy, which so unmistakably indicates the real gentleman, his sincerity and evident love of truth, make an impression on the visitor which cannot soon be forgotten. This man is Henry M. O'Gorman. More than forty-four years ago, Brother O'Gorman braved the ridicule of relatives and friends in Liverpool and joined the Church, having become convinced of its divinity.

During these long years of membership, he has heard many promises made through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The first one to which he listened came from a young missionary who repeated the old promise of the Redeemer, that those who will do the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine.

In 1887, Apostle George Teasdale, then presiding over the European mission, gave Brother O'Gorman a blessing, in which the statement was made that he should be the instrument in the hands of of the Lord in declaring the Gospel message to untold numbers.

The desire to gather with the Saints in Zion came strongly upon Brother O'Gorman, but he held a responsible position with the post office in Liverpool and was also president of the local branch of the Church. He could not well be spared, and the mission authorities, therefore, urged him to remain and help extend the work in his native city. But the late President Francis M. Lyman, while presiding in Europe, blessed Brother O'Gorman and among other things promised the following: "You shall gather to Zion with your family and do a work for your dead, when the Lord sees fit."

Subsequently, President Heber J. Grant was called to the European mission, and he also blessed Brother O'Gorman. In this blessing he used the following words: "I bless you that your faculties may all be retained, that your mind may be clear, and that your last days may be your best days. I bless you with the peaceful influence of the Holy Spirit, that it may be your constant guide and companion, warning you of dangers seen and unseen, and protecting you from snares laid for your feet by wicked and designing men. I bless you that through your faith and faithfulness, and diligence of your life, you may have influence with your family and be able to make an impression for good upon their hearts."

Still later, President Hyrum M. Smith, now deceased, pro-

nounced a blessing upon the head of Brother O'Gorman, from which the following is taken: "Now, our Father in heaven, we pray thee to look in love and mercy upon this thy servant, and accept of his and our gratitude that, after many years, the way seems to be opening that he may gratify a longing to be with thy people in the valleys of the mountains, and there make his home. * * * We pray that the heart of his wife may be touched, and that her mind may be enlightened, that she may see the glorious principles of the Gospel, and be willing to submit to the commandments and receive the ordinances of the Church, that she may be numbered with thy people and be one with him in all his holy and righteous purposes and desires; * * * that he may go in peace, that he may go in safety, that the arm of the Lord may be drawn around and about him, that he may be preserved in life and health and strength. * * * We say unto you, our dear brother, as you have the confidence of those with whom you have labored, so shall you have the confidence of those with whom you shall make your home in the valleys of the mountains. * * As you desire, you shall receive; and when you knock, it shall be opened unto you. The Lord will be with you to lead and guide you and will give you great joy and thanksgiving."

In his sweet and kindly way, but with a manner so convincing that it makes a deep impression, Brother O'Gorman adds: "The foregoing inspired words uttered by the servants of the Lord have been literally fulfilled. I have been gathered in peace and safety to Zion with all my family, except one. A work is being done for my dead in the temple. Up to the present I retain all my faculties, and my last days are proving my best days. I can testify that I have had the peaceful influence of the Holy Spirit, enabling me to withstand the trials incident to all who gather to this land.

"We came to Zion in 1916, at a time when the waters were filled with submarines, yet our journey across the ocean was a remarkable and pleasant experience. My wife is now a member of the Church, and rejoices in a testimony of the divinity of the Gospel. As far as I am able to judge, I have the confidence of those among whom I labor.

"After final preparations had been made to leave Liverpool, my wife was taken with a serious fever. After all had been done for her that we could do, I talked to the Lord, telling him of our situation and reminding him of the promises which had been made. My dear one was restored, and we sailed as expected.

"Together with the other promises, the first one I ever received from one holding the Priesthood has been fulfilled in my case, and I can testify that it will be so in every case, that, 'If any man will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine.'"

Red, White, Blue, Yellow

Handsome or Unique Wild Flowers of the Rocky Mountains Classified for Ready Identification by Colors and Chief Features

BY J. H. PAUL, PROFESSOR OF NATURAL SCIENCE AT THE
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FOR high-mountain and far-northern species, see "Alpine Floral Beauties" in this series. Far-southern species are not intended to be included here, though some of the most prominent ones are given, and many of those listed herein occur far southward.

None of the members of the vast sunflower family, *Compositae*, nor of the dandelion family, *Cicoriaceae*, are given here, being reserved for later treatment. The chief native flowering shrubs have been sufficiently set forth under "Flood Preventers" and under "Western Shrubs Suitable for Gardens." The grasses, sedges,

rushes, and ferns, will receive later consideration.

I. *Flowers Mainly Red, including Pink, Pale Lilac, and Red and White*

Project X. Present any ten, or grow any one, of the following:

WESTERN WILD FLOWERS SUITABLE FOR HOME GARDENS

Name	Average Height	Leaves, Stem	Flowers
Red Bugler. ¹	2 to 3 feet.	Opposite, simple.	Red, (blue) ²
Pentstemon Eatoni.	"Beardstongue."	Upper clasping.	Many kinds. w.
Carmine Gilia.	2 to 4 feet.	Sticky; lobed,	Long; bright-
G. aggregata.	"Skunkflower."	cut, bluish, alt.	red or whitish. t.

¹The large and handsome genus *Pentstemon* has fifty or more species in the Rocky Mountains. Most of them are blue, but several are red, scarlet, pinkish-violet, or lilac, and one in California is flesh color. See footnote under Blue *Pentstemon*.

²Words in parentheses in the column "Flowers" mean that similar species will be found described under that color also; r, a regular flower, the parts of the same shape; ir, an irregular flower, the parts dissimilar, as in the snap-dragon, violet, larkspur; tr, having the form of a trumpet; p, a flower resembling the sweet-pea blossom; t, a tubular corolla.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Average Height</i>	<i>Leaves, Stem</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Sweet William. Phlox species.	3 to 8 inches; woody base.	Opposite, simple, narrow, rough.	Pink (white); ¾ in. wide. r.
Scarlet Pentstemon. Pentstemon Torreyi. Red Foxglove.	2 feet; smooth bluish-green; Fls. 2-lipped.	Upper narrow, lower ovate, or oblong.	Vivid scarlet pale inside, very ir.
Cardinal Pentstemon. Pentstemon Parryi.	1½ to 2 ft. Fls. ¾ in.	Small, light- green, smooth.	Scarlet. t. ir. (blue).
Large Foxglove. Pentstemon glandu- losus.	1½ feet; downy, sticky stem.	Ovate, large, toothed.	Lilac to red- purple, 1½ in.
Pink Geranium. Geranium Fremontii.	1 to 2 feet; bushy; fls. ¾ in.	Large, 3 to 5-cleft; in clumps.	Pink or purple.
Utah Sweet Pea. Lathyrus utahensis. Fls. fade to sea green and turquoise.	Smooth, trailing, graceful vine. Fls. 1 in. long, 4 to 8 in cluster	Thin, veined, oval; leaflets about ten, 1 or 2 in. long, with tendrils.	Pinkish-lilac; wings pale; keel cream. p.
Arizona Sweet Pea. Lathyrus arizonicus.	Loosely trailing, airy, graceful.	8 narrow leaflets; 3-cleft tendrils.	Pink, violet, fluttering. p.
Western Sweet Pea. L. decaphyllus.	1 foot; no tendril; erect, branched.	4 to 10 leaflets; lance shape.	Large, purple. p.
Pink Lady Fingers.* Astragalus utahensis. Sheep Pod. Woolly.	Mat of silvery foliage, woolly; fls. 1 in. long.	11-17 thickish, white leaflets, nearly round.	Pink with purple and yellowish. t.
Prickly Pear.* Opuntia rutila. Two sets of spines.	Ascending and dif- fuse, joints swollen. Smaller spines below.	Spines 3-5, slender, reddish-gray, ½ to 2 in.	Rose red or paler; 2 in. r.
Sand Dock. Rumex venosus.	1 foot; seed like begonia fls. ½ in.	Ovate or oblong; 3 to 6 in. long.	Red, heart-shape valves.
Pink Monkey Flr. Minulus lewissii.	2 to 3 feet; fls. 2 in. long. North.	Ovate to lance shape, pointed, opposite.	Rose purple and yellow. ir.
Scarlet Monkey Flr. Minulus cardinalis.	2 to 5 feet. fls. two-lipped, 2 in.	As above. Found southward.	Vivid; scarlet. ir.

*Nelson describes 76 species of *Astragalus*, not including our desert species. All have odd-pinnate leaves, spiked or racemed flowers, long, narrow corollas; pods swollen and divided into two cells by the intruding seams (sutures). Most of them are poisonous to sheep, especially the densely silky *A. molissimus*, the small woolly loco, with spikes of violet flowers, 17-29 ovate-oblong leaflets, and a dry, leathery pod.

*The barrel cactus, so named from the shape of its stems, from which water is obtained. (*Echinocactus Wislizeni*), the spines used for fish-hooks, the flowers large; the hedgehog cactus (*Echinocereus polyacanthus*), a clump of stems each about the size and shape of a cucumber, and armed with bunches of long, stiff spines; flowers deep red and 2 or 3 inches across; the tall cactus, 3 to 6 feet tall, with long cylindrical joints and whitish stems, flowers 2 inches long, yellow with white pistil (*Opuntia acanthocarpa*); the cholla (*O. fulgida*), a shrub 4 to 6 feet high, with spreading, twisted branches, starred with dead, dry spines; from the magenta flowers long cup-shaped fruits develop and hang in long chains. The joints break off at a touch and the spines are vicious to pierce one's flesh.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Average Height</i>	<i>Leaves, Stem</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Downy Waterleaf. <i>Hydrophyllum</i> <i>Capitatum</i> .	6 to 12 inches; roots thickened.	5-7-lobed, hairy; stem juicy.	Small, in dense head, lilac. r.
Scarlet Mallow.* <i>Malvastrum</i> <i>coccineum</i> .	4 to 8 ins. silvery.	3-5 fingered ½ to 1 in.	Copper-scarlet, or brick-red. r.
Rose Mallow. <i>Sidalcea nervata</i> .	2 to 4 ins. pubescent.	6-8 lobed; veiny, cut.	Petals ½ in. rose color. r.
Southern Rose Mallow. <i>Sidalcea</i> <i>neo-mexicana</i> . S. Wyo. and N: M.	12 to 26 ins. fls. small; many in raceme	Lower rounded, 5-9 lobed; upper parted and lobed.	Rose color. Calyx and stems hirsute. r.
Silvery Hollyhock. <i>Sphaeralcea cuspi-</i> <i>data</i> . Southern.	16 to 30 ins. fls. on short stalks; pubescent.	Linear-oblong, crenate-dentate, rounded base.	Purple or red; ½ in. petals. r.
Scarlet Globe Mal- low. <i>Sphaeralcea</i> <i>Munroana</i> .	1 to 2 feet; grayish silky.	Ovate-cordate, crenate, lobed.	Scarlet ½ to ¼ in. r.
Wintergreen. <i>Pyrola</i> sp.	4 to 8 in. scapes; no stems.	Rounded, with leafy scales.	Nodding. white, purplish. ir.
Shooting Star. <i>Dodecatheon</i> sp.	8 to 18 in. stems reddish.	Oblong, from root.	Purple-pink; red-lined. r.
Showy Milkweed. <i>Asclepias speciosa</i> . Spreading milk- weed lies flat.	1 to 4 feet. Milky juice; fls. in round clusters. Sweet scented.	Silky; pig-ear shape; bluish. opposite, entire thick.	Pink and white on woolly pedicels; trap insects. r.
Green Milkweed <i>Acerates viridiflora</i> .	8 to 20 in. woolly.	Oval, oblong; linear in one.	Greenish- brown. r.
Fireweed Primrose. <i>Chamaenerion</i> .	2 to 6 feet. fls. 1 in.	Long, narrow; seeds have long silk.	Bright purplish pink. r.
Water Willow Herb. <i>Chamaerion</i> <i>latifolium</i> .	6 to 18 in.; fls. 1½ in.	Lance-shape, thick- ish; seeds with long silk.	Deep red. Northwest. r.
Red Columbine.† <i>Aquilegia elegantula</i> .	8 to 16 in. fls. 1½ in.	Mostly from root; long-stemmed.	Red, at least the spurs. r.

II. *Flowers Mainly White, Including Greenish, Cream, Pinkish*

Silver Corydalis.	1 to 3 feet;	Twice or thrice	White with
C. Brandegii.	fls. with spur	cut into narrow	straight
High mountains.	over ½ in. long.	lobes; dark green.	spur. ir.

*See footnote under White-River Hollyhock.

†The red columbine occurs chiefly in Colorado and New Mexico; the white in the central high mountains of western Wyoming and Utah, where it is frequent in high, cool, moist places; the blue, the State flower of Colorado, in the mountains from northern New Mexico to Montana. Five different species are more or less yellow, four of them throughout most of our mountains at middle elevations; one with petals cream-colored, occurs in the Laramie range; one is a small alpine species with yellowish petals, the spurs and the sepals blue; and one small, blue-flowered species is found in a few places at great elevations.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Average Height</i>	<i>Leaves, Stem</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Thistle Poppy. <i>Argemone hispida</i> . Milk Poppy.	2 to 3 ft.: fls. 2 to 3 in. across.	Prickly, cut into lobes, bluish.	White; centers golden. r.
Climbing Clematis. <i>C. ligusticifolia</i> .	Long vines; climb by hooks.	In fives; leaflets cut in three.	White; in masses. r.
White Geranium. <i>G. Fichardsonii</i> .	1 to 2 feet, slender, erect.	Stems and pedun- cles hairy.	White, 1 in. r.
Sego Lily. ⁸ <i>Calpochortus</i> <i>Nuttallii</i> . Utah State Flower.	6 to 12 inches; bulb at root; fls. 2 in. broad.	Slender, 1-5 flow- ered; 1-3 leaves, linear; bluish green.	White with lilac, yellow and greenish. r.
Pale Comandra. <i>Comandra pallida</i> . Toadflax.	5 to 10 inches; white, ivory-like stone fruit.	Narrow, pointed, bluish, shiny; fls., in flat clusters.	Greenish, white or purplish. r.
Wild Buckwheat. ⁹ <i>Friogonum</i> <i>racemosum</i> .	8 to 12 inches; few stemmed.	Very woolly, ovate or oblong.	Pinkish white. r.
Sand Puffs. <i>Abronia fragrans</i> . Fragrant <i>Abronia</i> .	4 to 12 inches; fls. $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 in. stems hairy, sticky.	Oval or oblong, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 in. long; stems crooked.	Many, white in round clusters. t.
Sticky Sand Puff. <i>Abronia salsa</i> . Desert 4 o'clock.	8 to 14 inches; stems very sticky, hairy, and pink.	Elliptic or oval, fuzzy; stems low or prostrate.	White; in 2-inch clusters. t.
Arrowhead. <i>Sagittaria latifolia</i> . In water or mud.	8 inches to 4 feet; fls. 1 in. wide; anthers yellow.	Smooth, arrow-head, olive green; milky; net-veined, acute.	White; in 3's; sta. and pistils many. r.
Poison Sego. <i>Zygadenus</i> <i>paniculatus</i> .	8 to 16 inches; anthers yellow.	Many, smooth, folded; light green, arching.	Cream, white. r.
River Hollyhock. ¹⁰ <i>Sphaeralcea</i> <i>rivularis</i> . Northern canyons.	2 to 4 feet; stout, branched; stellate-hairy.	Heart-shaped; deeply 5-7 lobed; coarsely toothed	Petals $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, white or pale purple. r.

⁸The sego lily of the Sierra Nevada and coast mountains has many colors, mostly red and white, and is called the butterfly tulip; the yellow sego, is called the yellow Mariposa tulip; the orange sego, the orange Mariposa tulip. All these are mostly west of our range.

⁹Various other wild buckwheats, mostly white flowered, with stick-like, nearly leafless, somewhat woolly stems, leaves in a dense mat at the base and in clusters of four at the upper joints of the stem, are found in our region, most of them ornamental and thriving in cultivation. Since many of them are desert species; they have long single roots to find moisture, and get along without much irrigation.

¹⁰See Scarlet Mallow, under Red. The common mallow, or cheeseweed (*Malva rotundifolia*), in fields and door yards, has whitish to pale rose or blue flowers, creeping stems, round leaves that fold up, fan-like, on cold nights, and numerous fruits called cheeses. Indian Mallow (*Abutilon*) 2 to 5 feet tall has round heart-shape leaves, pointed, 4 to 10 inches broad; fruit $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Average Height</i>	<i>Leaves, Stem</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Pink Sand Puff. ¹¹ <i>Abronia villosa</i> .	4 to 10 inches; fls. under 1/2 in.	Thickish, oval, midvein fuzzy.	Light pinkish- lilac. r.
Tall chickweed. <i>Stellaria longipes</i> .	6 to 15 inches; fls. under 1/2 in.	Narrow, pointed, 1 to 2 in. long.	White, star-like. r.
Star Pink. ¹² <i>Stellaria</i> sp.	2 to 6 inches; in mountains.	Linear; stems weak, branching.	White, star-like. r.
Horsemint. <i>Monarda</i> <i>menthaefolia</i> .	12 to 28 inches; many stems from base—a bunch.	Ovate to lance- shape with small saw teeth, red tinged.	White; in long, dense spikes. ir.
Thorn Apple. <i>Datura stramon</i> a. Jimson Weed.	2 to 4 feet; velvety, stout, bronzy stems; fls. 6 inches.	Ovate, sinuate- toothed; dark green, pointed.	White; funnel- form. r.
Hillside Primrose. <i>Oenothera marginata</i> .	4 to 12 inches, cut on margins.	Narrow, long, cut-edged.	White; 2 1/2 in.; honey tube, 5 in. r.
Prairie Primrose. <i>Anogra albicaulis</i> .	4 to 12 in. Fls. 1 to 3 in.	Toothed; stems whitish; buds droop.	White, changing to pink. r.
"Baby Breath." <i>Gayophytum</i> sp.	1 to 2 feet, branching.	Linear, stems thread-like.	Pinkish-white, minute. r.
White Columbine. ¹³ <i>Aquilegia leptocera</i> .	1 to 2 ft.; fls. 2 to 3 in.	Twice or thrice in threes; lobed.	White (blue, red, yellow.)

III. *Flowers Mainly Blue, Including Deep Lilac and Purple*

Violets are mostly blue flowers that need little description. One only is yellow and brown, a spring violet of the hills (*Viola Nuttallii*); the fragrant white violet of the mountains (*V. blanda*); the marsh violets (*V. palustris*, while to lilac, and *V. nephrophylla*, purple or violet with white bases); the pale violet (*V. Canadensis*) with pale violet petals; the long-stemmed violet (*V. longipes*) with dark-purple flowers and short, thick, straight spur; and the woody violet (*V. odontophora*), with slender woody branches from a large tap root, petals purple or violet, the lateral ones bearded, the spur half as long as the petals—all these, it is thought, would succeed in gardens.

¹¹*Abronia*s grow in sandy soil, are strictly American, with branching, hairy, often sticky stems; thick, toothless leaves, in pairs, with leaf stalks, and one of each pair larger than the other. The flowers are in terminal clusters on long stems (peduncles), numerous in rounded heads, showy, and very fragrant. Easily grown, they are also favorites of long-tongued bumblebees and moths.

¹²Several little white star-flowers of the pink family, have opposite leaves, regular flowers, petals mostly 2-notched, appearing like two; stems swollen at the joints; stamens usually ten, conspicuous. Pinks with sticky stems and white, yellowish, or purple flowers are called catchfly, or campion. A very common pink in fields is the cow herb, a foot or two high with many branches and bright pink flowers over half an inch long, its foliage bluish-green; it is a weed in fields as the small chickweeds are in lawns.

¹³See footnote to red columbine.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Average Height</i>	<i>Leaves, Stem</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Quaker Bonnets. <i>Lupinus laxiflorus</i> . Digitate leaflets.	1 to 2 feet. Small pea fls., in loose spike.	Leaflets 6-9, downy above, silky below.	Shades of blue with white. ir.
American Sweet Pea. <i>Vicia americana</i> .	Climbing, 3 ft. 4-8 flowered.	10-14 broad leaflets; pods narrow.	Purplish blue. p.
Slender Sweet Pea. <i>Vicia linearis</i> .	Low, creeping; tendrils short.	8-14 linear leaflets.	Pale purple, large. p.
Lilac Bush Pea. <i>Hedysarum pabulare</i> .	16-28 inches; fls. in long clusters.	9-15 leaflets, ½ to 1 in.	Lilac or pale purple. p.
Rose-Purple Bush Pea.* <i>Hedysarum</i> <i>cinerascens</i> .	12-18 inches; stems several.	9-13 leaflets; fl. stems long.	Deep purple spreading. p.
Foothills Larkspur. <i>Delphinium</i> <i>scaposum</i> .	8 to 12 inches; stout; roots thick.	Deeply cut, clus- tered at base.	Blue; one spur, curved. ir.
Blue Larkspur. ¹⁴ <i>Delphinium bicolor</i> . Upper petals yellowish.	6 to 18 inches; fls. 1 in. long. in long cluster.	Doubly cleft; outline round; stem reddish.	Blue with purple and pink. ir.
Nelson's Larkspur. <i>Delphinium Nelsoni</i> .	12 to 16 inches; stem not branched.	Cut twice in threes.	Blue spur straight. ir.
Blue Flax. <i>Linum Lewissii</i> . Stems yield linen.	1 to 2 feet, branching above, very leafy.	Very narrow, acute, deep green; fls. 1 in.	Bright blue in fives regular. r.
Rocky Mt. Bee Plant. <i>Cleome serrulata</i> . Spider Flower, Stinkweed. Long, spicy pods.	4 to 8 feet in Ariz.; 1 to 4 northward; fls. in clusters 6 to 12 in. long.	In threes, long, narrow, very soft bluish; long sta- mens and pistil.	Pinkish lilac, (white.) 4 petals; 6 stamens. r.
Western Clematis. <i>Clematis occidentalis</i> . Finest porch twiner.	Vines; woody; lvs. and fls. from joints.	In threes on long stems, ovate, pointed.	Purple, violet, or blue. r.
Douglas Virgin Bower. <i>Clematis Douglasii</i> . Bush Clematis.	2 to 3 feet; bushy; dark green; woolly.	Large, twice or thrice cut into narrow lobes.	Bell-shape, purple, woolly. r.
Languid Lady. <i>Mertensia ciliata</i> . Siberian Bluebell.	1 to 4 feet, bushy, leafy; stems smooth, hollow, soft, downy.	Oblong or ovate, pointed; ciliate margins; bluish.	Blue, then pink: buds pink, slen- der bell shape. r.

*The *Hedysarums* have flat pods of separable, roundish joints connected in the middle. The Sulphur *Hedysarum*, north and east, has bright-yellow flowers.

¹⁴All larkspurs are handsome and interesting, gleaming like sapphires on deserts or in canyons. Only the smaller ones are likely to do well in cultivation. The tall larkspurs of the mountains might well be tried, also the monkshood; but the baneberry, the various columbines, the mountain buttercup, and the meadow rue, described elsewhere, may be best in rock gardens.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Average Height</i>	<i>Leaves, Stem</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Tall Verbena. Verbena bastata. Blue Vervian.	3 to 5 feet, strict, rough-hairy; fls. small, in top spikes.	Lance-shape, cut- serrate, the lower hastate at base.	Blue, minute; fruits crowded. r.
Pennyroyal. Monardella.	12 inches; many slender, tufted stems.	Ovate-lanceolate, entire, rough.	Purple or white, in heads. ir.
Bronze Bells. Fritillary. Fritillaria atropurpurea.	8 to 16 inches; fls. 1 in. across.	Six to 20, scattered.	Dull purple, greenish. r.
Indian Hyacinth. Brodiaea Douglasii.	1 to 2 feet; fls. $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Few, from root, long, linear.	Blue, 6-parted. r.
Wild Heliotrope. Phacelia splendens.	8 to 12 in. simple, erect.	Divided into lobes, rough-hairy.	Lilac; stamens purple. r.
Desert Heliotrope. Phacelia arizonica.	4 to 8 in.	5 to 8 pairs of leaflets	Bright blue. r.
Jacob's Ladder. Polemonium.	6 in. (alpine), to 3 ft. (lower.)	Ladder-like, 20 or more leaflets.	Blue or white. Stamens gold. r.
Blue Columbine. ¹⁵ Aquilegia coerulea.	1 to 2 feet; fls. 1-3 ins.	Compounded in 3's on long stems.	Blue (red, white, yellow.)
Blue Foxglove. ¹⁶ Pentstemon glaber. Blue Beard-tongue.	12 to 18 ins. 5th stamen bearded; fls. many.	Opposite, firm, upper lance-shape, pointed, bluish.	Blue or purple, wider above. t. ir.
Azure Foxglove. Pentstemon cyananthus.	1 to 2 feet; pale green.	All broad, ovate to cordate.	Bright blue to reddish.
Shrubby Foxglove. Pentstemon fruticosus.	5 to 20 ins., woody at base.	Narrow, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 ins., fls. 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ins.	Purple, violet, (pink.)

IV. *Flowers Mainly Yellow*

Golden Snapdragon. Mimulus Langsdorfii. Yellow Monkey Flower.	8 to 32 inches; fls. $\frac{3}{4}$ to 2 in., throat closed.	Opposite, round or ovate, light green, toothed.	Bright yellow, lower lip red-dotted. ir.
Yellow Owl's Clover Orthocarpus luteus. "Yellow Rattle."	6 to 12 inches; fls. in leafy spikes on single stems.	Linear to lance; often 3-cleft, hairy or sticky.	Bright yellow, 2-lipped, sac- cate, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. ir.

¹⁵See footnote to red columbine.

¹⁶Blue Pentstemon flowers, often called blue bells, are not shaped like bells, but have long, tubular, and irregular corollas, with five lobes, 2 lipped, the upper lip 2-lobed, the lower 3-lobed and spreading; the stamens four, in pairs, and also a fifth stamen, conspicuous and hairy but without any anther (sterile). The accent is on the *e*, which is long.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Average Height</i>	<i>Leaves, Stem</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Yellow Rattle. <i>Rhinanthus cristigalli</i>	4 to 8 inches. Seeds rattle in dry calyx.	Opposite, narrow, serrate.	Yellow in coiled spike. ir.
Dog-tooth Violet. <i>Erythronium grandiflorum</i> .	4 to 12 inches; fls. 1 to 2 ins. In damp shade.	Only two; oblong, acute, 5 to 7 in. long; sheathe stem.	Bright yellow; nodding; 6-parted. r.
Golden Lily. Spring.			
Yellow Snowdrop. <i>Fritillaria pudica</i> .	4 to 8 inches; fls. 1 in. long.	Narrow, oblong; three to 8; fls. nodding.	Orange yellow, tinged with purple. r.
Yellow Rice Root.	Root of scaly bulbs.		
Hairy Puccoon <i>Lithospermum pilosum</i> .	1 foot; several yellow-green stems; roots perennial.	Narrow, sessile, bluish-gray green, downy above.	Yellow, salver- form, scented; under ½ inch. r.
Indian Carrot. <i>Cogswellia</i> sp.	6 to 14 in.; lvs. sheathing the stems; roots thickened.	Compound, cut into narrow pine needles; bluish; sheathing the stems.	Minute, yellow or white in flat- topped clusters. r.
Stemless, parsley- like plants.			
Spider Milkweed, ¹⁷ <i>Asclepiodora dec.</i>	12 to 18 in.; stem slanting.	Dull green, rough, leathery, narrow.	Yellowish; inside white, outside maroon. r.
Evening Primrose. <i>Onagra Hookeri</i> .	3 to 6 feet; fls. 3 inches.	Narrow, downy; margins wavy.	Yellow; open at night. r.
Yellow Columbines. ¹⁸ <i>Aquilegia chrysantha</i> .	1 to 3½ feet; spurs 2 to 3 ins.	Leaflets twice or thrice in 3's.	Bright yellow. (red, blue.) r.
Fendler's Meadow Rue. <i>Thalictrum Fendleri</i> .	12 to 30 ins. Petals none.	Ternately decom- pound; leaflets ½ in. long.	Stamens yellow.
Western Wall Flower. <i>Erysimum asperum</i> . Fls. in top clusters.	1 to 2 feet; rough-hairy; fls. over ½ in.	Narrow, rough, often with sharp teeth.	Orange; anthers brown. r.
Yellow Flax. <i>Linum Kingii</i> .	5 to 12 in. base woody.	Linear to oblong, crowded.	Yellow, crowded. r.
Golden Corydalis. <i>Corydalis montana</i> .	2 to 6 inches; fls. with spur.	Cut into narrow lobes.	Bright yellow. ir.
Blazing Star. <i>Mentzelia laevicaulis</i> . Stamens many; Stems white.	2 to 3 feet; stout, branching; fls. 3 to 5 in.	Pointed, long, narrow, wavy- toothed.	Light yellow, open in sunshine. r.

Symmetrical and stiff, resembling the "Tudor Rose," the stigma green, anthers brown; pods 3 in., on curved stems.

¹⁸The bluish-yellow columbine, 8 to 16 inches high, has few flowers, each under 2 in. long; the lemon-yellow species has flowers lemon-yellow, sometimes tinged with scarlet. See footnote under red columbine.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Average Height</i>	<i>Leaves, Stem</i>	<i>Flowers</i>
Yellow Bee Plant. <i>Cleome aurea</i> .	8 to 20 in.; smooth, branched.	5 or 3-parted; lobes linear.	Bright yellow, (red). r.
Silverweed. <i>Argentina anserina</i> .	Spreading by runners; silvery.	All from root; leaflets 7-21.	Yellow, solitary. r.
Silky cinquefoil. <i>Potentilla</i> <i>pinnatisecta</i> .	12 to 18 in.; stems stout, reddish; root woody.	In clumps, long stalks, 5-7 leaf- lets cleft into oblong lobes.	Yellow, like wild rose; over ½ in. wide. r.
Foilage silvery gray. <i>Meadow cinquefoil</i> . <i>Potentilla plattensis</i> .	Spreading, 4 to 8 ins. tall.	Leaflets 9-17, oblong, deep-cut.	Yellow; ¾ in. wide. r.
Golden Pea. <i>Thermopsis</i> <i>montana</i> .	1 to 2 feet; fls. ¾ in. long.	In threes; fls. in spike 3 to 6 in.	Yellow; pods silky. p.
Bottle Plant. <i>Eriogonum inflatum</i> . <i>E. elatum</i> , 18 in.	Hollow stalks 2 ft. high; swollen, bottle shape.	Rosette of lvs. at base; stems bluish.	Yellow, (white, pink.) r.
Sulphur Flowers. a. <i>Eriogonum Bakeri</i> .	1 ft.; stem downy, reddish; lvs. gray.	Rosette at base; 4 near top.	Yellow in top cluster.
b. <i>Eriogonum</i> <i>umbellatum</i> .	1 ft.; shrubby.	Woolly below.	Yellow cluster. r.
c. <i>Eriogonum</i> <i>subalpinum</i> .	1 ft.; woody.	Smooth above.	Yellow cluster. r.
d. <i>Eriogonum</i> <i>flavum</i> .	4 to 8 inches.	Woolly white.	Yellow cluster. r.

BLIGHTED FLOWERS

Now the flow'rs are dull and drooping,
Struck by autumn's blighting cold;
So like men who, pale and stooping,
Lose their luster when they're old.

Now the poor flow'rs but remind us,
As they stand all stripped and bare,
How their beauty lured and charmed us,
Clothed with leaves and petals fair.

So those relics of proud manhood
Waken mem'ries of the past,
When their forms, now frail and bent, stood
Straight and strong with noble cast.

Deep within the cheeks now faded
Lies a rose unknown, unseen;
Some day on that face so jaded
It will bloom and blush again.

When the Utes Invaded Utah

BY GEN. JOHN Q. CANNON

The July number of the *Era* refers to what came perilously near being a cattle-men-Indian war which could easily have cost great loss of life and the destruction of the few and feeble white settlements in Grand and San Juan counties. This was in the late fall and early winter of 1894.

Having had a modest part in averting that conflict, it has occurred to me that a brief recital of the incident, as reflected in my own experiences in connection with it, might be of present interest.

It was a season of intense cold and deep snows. During several weeks I slept and ate and traveled in and upon and through an unending blanket of "the beautiful," varying in depth from a few inches in the lower valleys to three feet or more on the high mesas, and from that to fifteen feet in the swales, and canyons.

Utah was then a Territory, though with imminent prospects of being soon admitted to the sisterhood of states. Caleb W. West was Governor, and the National Guard had only recently been organized. The first service required of the latter was in connection with the advent of the western division of the so-called Coxey's army—a bizarre industrial movement which, though interesting and at times exciting, was never very serious. The Guard's second service seemed likely to be against a more formidable foe—Ute Indians from Colorado who, with flocks and herds in large numbers, were trespassing upon the winter grazing grounds of Utah cattlemen.

A delegation of citizens from that section waited upon Governor West and laid the case before him, whereupon he proceeded in person to Moab and Monticello and held conference, not only with the leading men and the chiefs of the Indians, but also with Col. Lawton U. S. A., in command of the Federal troops in Colorado. The results of this conference appeared to be satisfactory. It was admitted that the Indians had no business off their reservation, and they agreed, though sul-

lenly, to go back. After seeing them headed eastward, and apparently persuaded that the retreat movement would be carried out in good faith, Col. Lawton and his party hastened back to Colorado, and Governor West returned to Salt Lake City.

A few days later, however, a second delegation called on the Governor and asserted that the Indians were still there in even larger numbers than before; that their promised retirement had only been a feint, ending in a detour which brought them into localities where the settlers would be at their mercy; and that they claimed they had been authorized and even advised by their agent to stay where they were, wherefore they truculently refused to leave. Telegraphically the agent denied all this, reiterating that his Indians were all on their reservation and would stay there. It was then that the Governor, as Commander-in-chief of the Territory's forces, issued orders for George W. Gibbs and John Q. Cannon, the former a captain of artillery, and the latter a captain of cavalry, to proceed with all dispatch to the region affected, make a personal examination to determine the question of veracity thus raised, and collect such information as should furnish material for a presentation of the whole matter to Washington authorities. Our orders were to discountenance anything that might tend to aggravate the situation or precipitate a conflict. We were merely to investigate thoroughly, and make report of actual findings—all this as speedily as the nature of the duty and the existing conditions permitted. We did not wear uniforms.

The day after receiving these orders we were in Moab on the south side of the Grand (now called the Colorado) river; and at once began our inquiry. It being reported that a small encampment of Indians was in an almost inaccessible nook a few miles down the river, we proceeded thither under the guidance of two cowboys, "Slick" Snell and John Robinson, both of

whom claimed to have seen many of the Colorado Utes in their range-riding and to have been threatened by them. Sure enough, we came upon the encampment comprising some half dozen lodges, whose principal personage appeared to be a one-legged and partly educated native named Dave. He spoke good English, and under the impression that we were prospectors, he talked freely, giving us the number of his own party, the size of their goat and pony herds which we saw grazing on the far side of the river, the location of other encampments which we might encounter in our wanderings, concluding with the positive statement that their agent in Colorado had told them to drift over into Utah in order that their livestock might obtain the forage which, through overgrazing, their own reservation no longer afforded.

The interview ended, I unbuttoned my blouse to consult my watch to see whether there was enough of daytime left to warrant a return to Moab that night. It was an ill-considered gesture. Dave's eyes fastened upon my army belt and pistol, and his suspicions instantly took the form of clam-like silence—not another word did we get out of him. But that was not the worst. We were soon to learn that, travel as rapidly as we might—and we rode strong, grain-fed horses—the news of our presence and the nature of our inquiries had preceded us, and we found the transients uncommunicative and guileful. Only a few hours later, on arriving at Monticello, sixty miles away, the storekeeper told me he had heard his Indian customers talking mysteriously about a "Mericat Capitain" who was in their midst fishing for information. It was a convincing demonstration of the uncanny aboriginal faculty for transmitting news. I do not pretend to say they employed telepathy, "underground telegraph" or any other of the mental or physical means of communication more or less recognized by civilized man. I only record the fact, leaving the method unexplained, and merely observing that it appeared to me impossible for the swiftest of couriers, afoot or mounted, to have carried the warning so far and disseminated it so thoroughly as was found to be the case.

This development confirmed the decision of Captain Gibbs and myself to separate in order to cover the ground more expeditiously before the spreading of the alarm should hinder if not defeat our purpose. Gibbs chose to investigate conditions to the west and southwest in the counties named. His party found comparatively little cause for complaint or correction. Most of the Indians he saw were recognized as belonging in the locality—small groups of so-called "renegades," poor and mean in appearance and with few animals. He soon returned to Moab, and was awaiting me there when I returned.

I proceeded southward as far as Bluff City on the San Juan river, thence through and over the canyons and plateaus of the southeastern corner of the territory. My route was much longer and immensely more difficult both as to terrain and to climatic conditions. My companions were Wilford (Dick) Butt, sheriff of San Juan county, and Holbert McClure, guide and interpreter. The former was an absolutely fearless man, hardy, experienced and resourceful. The latter, a youngster, was a regular prize-winner in roping and riding, the best all-round cowboy, I think, I ever saw. I was told that his mother was a Ute squaw, his father the storekeeper at the Indian agency in Colorado, where the boy was born, and where he naturally came to know personally all the Indians who belonged there. Some of those whom we found in our combing of the rugged region might have fooled Butt and myself with their claim to a lawful habitat in Utah; but there was no getting past McClure with prevarication. He knew the individuals by name and they knew him, so they apparently concluded that "the least said, the soonest mended," and that they might as well first as last stand up and be counted.

We encountered our first deep snow on the mesa below the Blue Mountains, where the Carlyle Ranch and the town of Monticello were situated. There was nearly two feet of it, and trails along the streets, for visits to store and post office, and for children going to school, had been made by trailing a bunch of cattle in winding file through the main thoroughfare. The chiefs, Ignacio, Colorow, Marcana and others, who had attended the Governor's

conference a fortnight before, and had agreed to return at once to their reservation, had been in Monticello the day before my arrival but had now vanished. I found, however, many of their followers still there and in the vicinity—and these were interviewed and counted, besides estimating the number of their livestock. Some of them intimated an intention of going back to Colorado but not until “they got good and ready,” as the interpreter phrased it.

In the Monticello store I had an illustration of the Indian manner of trading. Their sole medium of exchange seemed to be buckskins, of which each family of purchasers had a goodly number lying in a heap at their feet or in a sack upon which they kept vigilant watch. The trading was done principally by the squaws, and the white man's side of the negotiations was certainly a test of patience. The native woman would produce one skin at a time, which the storekeeper spread out upon the counter, examining it for bullet holes or knife cuts, after which—perhaps taking the additional precaution to weigh it—he would indicate by a show of fingers how much he was willing to pay. If the figure was acceptable, the squaw pushed the skin out of her way and proceeded to specify the various articles she wanted in exchange. These consisted nearly always of a small supply of tobacco, a scoopful of flour, two or three yards of bright-colored calico, ten or fifteen cents worth of sugar, etc., until the storekeeper signified that her capital was exhausted; whereupon the counter would be cleared off; the purchaser placing her parcels in her pack the merchant tossing his buckskin under the counter. Then the former would produce another buckskin, and exactly the same procedure would be repeated, the buyer investing in precisely the same goods and to the same amount or quantity. Thus at the end of the transaction—which usually required the better part of half a day for each purchaser—the storekeeper would have all her buckskins and she would have perhaps a dozen pieces of the same kind of calico, a dozen little parcels of flour and sugar, and tobacco, etc., in like proportion. (I did not notice that any soap, scrubbing brushes or fine-

toothed combs figured in the deal.) There was no use trying to hurry her or force upon her anything she did not want, nor would any success have attended the effort to induce her to trade in two or more buckskins at once. To her untutored mind, anything beyond the most primitive arithmetical processes was a delusion and a white man's snare.

As we proceeded south toward the San Juan river the depth of snow gradually diminished until at Bluff City it had all disappeared, the weather being unseasonably warm. The day after our arrival there, however, a heavy snow storm set in. It was a beautiful sight—the flakes being, in Dick Butt's opinion, as “big as a straw hat,” though McClure thought they were only about the size of a dinner plate. They melted as they fell, leaving the ground a *soupy morass*, and making havoc with the household interiors where dependence had been placed upon dirt roofs. I was the dinner guest of the good bishop of the settlement, and the table equipment consisted largely of wide milk pans placed at strategic points to catch the muddy drip from above. But there was still room on the broad board for an abundant spread of wholesome, well-cooked and most palatable viands. The host's comely and vivacious daughters had the good taste to omit apologies for the roof—they weren't responsible for the unprecedented storm; but they failed not in their service of hot biscuits with home-made butter, an oft filled platter piled high with stewed chicken surrounded with vegetable accessories, not to enumerate the pies, cakes, preserves and other sweets which completed the feast and testified eloquently of their housewifery. To the enjoyment of the repast everybody brought a well-whetted appetite; and if, before we dispersed, all were externally fairly well-wetted, the elision of the “h” aspirate—which is so often silent anyway—only added to the general merriment.

During the twenty-four hours stay in Bluff, conferences were held with Stake President F. A. Hammond, Kumen Jones, Lemuel Redd and others, whose acquaintance with the Indian situation, and whose attitude of patience and sympathy with the aborigines were gratefully noted. I was

also given a sample of crude oil—seepage from the base of the bluffs a few miles away—which sample I brought to Salt Lake City and placed with suitable explanations in the Chamber of Commerce. So far as I am aware, this was the first public intimation of the existence of this great resource within the confines of the commonwealth.

Striking out now in an easterly and northerly direction from Bluff into the rough and broken country toward the Colorado line, we took leave of civilization and of comfort. There were no roads or trails—at least none were visible owing to the deep snow. We traversed the sections represented by the names Horse Canyon, St. Elmo, Cross Canyon, Montezuma and Ruin Canyons, etc., seeing scores of the curious little walled-up caves in the face of the cliffs, high above the floor of the valleys, and seemingly accessible only by ladders from the rim of the mesa above. The guide was not certain whether these were originally designed for tombs, or for granaries, or for places of refuge—he had explored some of them which apparently had served each of these purposes. At any rate they were evidence of an ancient population far more numerous than the present conditions of the country would appear to warrant. Occasionally we met men who, while posing as range riders, were shiftily and furtive in behavior—outlaws probably whom it would have been impolite to question too closely as to name, headquarters and vocation. When we came upon one of these worthies unexpectedly, his first movement was toward his pistol; but I do not recall that in any instance he went so far as to “draw.” As we asked them very little, and they volunteered even less, they probably told us no lies. The bona-fide cowboys, however, recognizing our business as calculated for their benefit, could not do too much to assist us.

We fixed our base for several days while scouting in this rugged region at a large cave well stocked with supplies belonging to the Cross Canyon cattle outfit. There was no rough forage for our horses and pack animals, but plenty of grain; for the former a substitute was found in the willows and small cottonwoods along the creek

bottom. From the stores within the cave we brought forth twice daily a pan of bacon, from the surplus fat of which, with the addition of a handful of flour, the cook manufactured a good quality of old-fashioned “‘Mormon’ gravy.” His biscuits, mixed and kneaded in the top of a flour-sack, were not conspicuously light, but they “stayed with you;” and upon this ration—bacon and biscuits—we lived and thrived during the many days that elapsed before we returned to the settlements. The sheriff officiated as cook, the guide wrangled the horses, and I, as the privileged member of the party, gave the dishes such occasional washing as they received. We joined in making the one bed in which the three of us slept—the first preparation for which was the tramping and smoothing down the snow in a fresh place each night.

In scouring this labyrinthine region, we found scores of trespassing Indians, whom we duly identified and counted. They were generally fat and contented, having recently drawn supplies from the agency. With their animals the case was quite different. There was simply nothing for them to eat—they had not been able to get far enough into Utah to reach the valleys and the plateaus where the white sage was abundant, and which, when once touched by frost, makes excellent forage. The consequence was their livestock were dying by hundreds. In one-half day’s ride over toward the Colorado boundary I counted no less than sixty ponies which had perished on the trail. It was on this day, when within three or four miles of the line, that a couple of young bucks, muffled up like Eskimos, brought me a verbal invitation from Dave Day, the Indian agent, to ride across the line for an interview. Of course I declined, sending back word that though his ideas seemed to be quite loose and hazy as to keeping on his own reservation, I knew enough not to get off mine.

This man Day was an odd character. Reference was made in the July number of the *Era* to his paper, *The Solid Muldoon*. He wielded a vitriolic pen, jabbed it mercilessly into those who excited his displeasure, and apparently had no sense of fear. In those semi-lawless days and among a

constituency where such a man assumed to be a law unto himself, the wonder was that Day had escaped so long a violent death. Yet he had an extensive circle of friends, who hailed him as a good fellow, and he possessed many likable qualities. Through some influence he had secured the position of Indian agent, and it was suspected that by way of compensation for the influence thus employed, and in the interest of a group of Colorado land jumpers and boomers, he had instigated this migration of his dusky wards to Utah.

Day after day, from early morning till dark, we prosecuted our search and inquiries, finding plenty of evidence to support the statements made by the citizens' committee to Governor West, and to justify their fears. At length, however, we detected signs of a general retreat movement on the part of the intruders, and by the time we left that region, they were all on their way back home, if not in full flight, at least making such progress as the deep snow and the weakened condition of their animals permitted. Personally, I regarded the savages, by reason of the advice under which they were acting, as more sinned against than sinning; and when I saw the pitiful conditions under which they were scurrying homeward, I could entertain no feeling other than sympathy for them. Of course, this softness of heart did not prevent our fulfilling to the best of our ability the duty assigned to us. Whenever we came upon an encampment—of few or many tepees—our procedure was to ride hastily—and it now seems to me, recklessly,—into the midst of it, dismount instantly, and without ceremony enter the various lodges, and begin our census-taking. Oftentimes we were met with ugly looks and naturally; but never was there any resistance, though on many occasions we could have been easily overpowered. I have since wondered how many groups of white marauders under similar circumstances would have manifested as much forbearance!

Our mission being now accomplished, we turned our faces again in the direction of the white settlements. The last day's ride before reaching the little town of Verdure I shall never forget. Climbing

out of Montezuma canyon, through snow which increased in depth as we reached the higher altitude, and almost crushed at times by young avalanches which descended upon us in great masses from the trees bordering the trail, we attained about dark the mesa, which lay cold and white in the starlight. For many days past we had been floundering without interruption through snow which reached to our stirrups; but by comparison with what we now faced, all that had gone before seemed a pastime. During these last few miles we took turns riding ahead and breaking trail, often having to dismount to wallow ahead so that the horses could get through, and frequently having to come back and make a trail of double width, in order to afford a passage for the pack animals whose burdens dragged heavily through the snow on both sides. When we arrived at the sheriff's home about midnight, his blazing fireplace welcomed three horsemen whose exhaustion was complete, and his stable gave shelter to five horses in which there was not a hundred yards of further travel left.

Early morning, I was waited upon by the late Ben Heywood—afterwards to become United States marshal for Utah,—who was financing a prospecting operation in the Blue Mountains, at the foot of whose lofty peaks the village nestles. He offered me a fresh mount and his companionship as far as Monticello, which were gladly accepted. Taking leave of my two recent associates, their services being no longer needed, we set out in a heavy storm which hourly added inches to the snowy depth already covering the plain. The two towns are only a few miles apart, but seven hours were consumed in covering them. Ben was a giant in stature and strength, I am no pigmy, and our horses were large and stout; but at the end of the journey, after bucking snow in many places up to our armpits, we all felt like calling it a full day. In Monticello I gathered up a little more information, reassured the settlers with the news that the Indians were now homeward bound, and hastened to Moab, where I rejoined Captain Gibbs. The night before our departure for the station where we were to take train for Salt Lake City, a dance was given in

our honor in a large vacant log house which served as the amusement center of the town. Sartorial simplicity marked the occasion—our costume being riding breeches, leggings and hunting coats, while the natives were not more stylishly clad, except for the addition of spurs in particularly dudish instances. All went merry as a marriage bell, until a bit of momentary gunplay occurred, when one gentleman thought another gentleman was dancing too often with the first gentleman's lady. Some lights went out, and there were certain exits partaking more of haste than of dignity; but there were no casualties.

Next morning we drove to Thompson Springs on the main line of the D. & R. G. W., and by midnight we were again in Salt Lake. This was toward the end of January, 1895. Portions of our report, which we immediately prepared, accompanied by a map covering the route of the "expedition," the location of the various Indian encampments with the number of souls in each one, a total of nearly three hundred, was telegraphed to Washington, the full report being sent by mail. The result was the immediate dismissal of Mr. Dave Day as Indian agent, with something like a reprimand for the military and other officials in Colorado, who were found to have had cognizance of the invasion, but had not been sufficiently energetic in preventing it, or remedying it after it occurred. Fortunately there had been no bloodshed; and while there had been much angry talk on both sides, with many threatening gestures, a sense of security was quickly restored and affairs soon were pursuing once more their accustomed and uneventful course.

In closing, it will perhaps not be inappropriate to say that many of those with whom I had pleasant associations during those severe weeks have passed away—Sheriff Butt, Prest. Hammond, Ben Haywood, Lem Redd and others; also that the principal men among the trespassing red men, Ignacio, Mariane, etc., have long since gone to their happy hunting grounds. Whether Holbert McClure still survives I do not know. I have the unhappy recollection of seeing a reward offered for his capture as a member of the notorious

"Robbers' Roost" gang a few years later. This was after Utah attained statehood, when I was consulted by the Governor as to the most effective method for breaking up this band of renegades, some of them desperadoes of a thoroughly lawless type. I made inquiries at that time concerning the causes of McClure's downfall, and became satisfied that though as a fugitive from justice he had cast his lot with the outlaws, the offense for which he had fled the abode of civilization was one that would have brought him slight punishment, if any at all, had he permitted the law to take its course. In short, I was assured by those who said they knew that, though he had seriously wounded a man in a pistol battle, he could well have set up the claim of self-defense. My informants declared that the only thing which could have prevented his acquittal was the prominence and influence of friends of his antagonist; and that rather than face their retaliation and vengeance he chose to accept the welcome which the robbers' haunts offered. Knowing the devotion to me—for I firmly believe he would have given his life had it been necessary to save mine—I am not ashamed to say that, despite the fact of his outlawry with a price upon his head, I should have offered him, had he come to me in his need, the best horse in my stable, and no questions asked.

There have been at least two slightly serious Indian outbreaks in the regions here described since the invasion herein referred to; but these instances were local in character and had no interstate significance. Old Poke, Posey and some others among the "renegades" of the earlier day are understood to have had a hand in these later disturbances, with the full details of which I am not familiar. They were soon suppressed, however; and the two southwestern counties are today regarded as equally secure for settlement and civilization as any other part of the state. Even the Robbers' Roosters have disappeared from the scene; leaving nothing but a romantic memory; while of menace or injury from our red-skinned neighbors on the other side of the Colorado line there has been no repetition and there remains no trace.

The Cycle of Shirt Sleeves

BY EZRA J. POULSEN

Mr. William Gilbert Smith spoke complacently to young Gilbert Ray, "Son, I'm going to shuffle the business over to you, and stretch my old legs for a long rest. You have youth, training, and the reliable Smith pugnacity. I—well, I have enough cash to keep me, and a carcass full of tired bones; to say nothing of rheumatism, hardened arteries, and a loss of interest, besides a number of other good reasons for retiring."

"Wow, Dad, that's startling!" replied the handsome junior, as he stepped on the gas and sent his chrome-yellow speedster down the boulevard at sixty miles an hour, in the direction of drug store number fifteen of the famous Smith chain.

Mr. William Gilbert Smith held his hat and his breath, as a silent tribute to his son's demoniac driving. He gloried in Gillie's nerve, but prayed for a milder speed. "Slow down, son; slow down," he finally ordered. "You'll have us killed; besides, it's foolish; not at all dignified for a man of affairs."

Gilbert eased up. "That's the speed the younger Mr. Smith expects to put into the business," he laughed.

"Well, you'll have to use judgment as well as speed," the father protested, a trifle worried.

Chaste April blew her fragrant breath into their faces, as they hummed along between rows of spacious bungalows, surrounded by stenciled landscape artistry. Mr. Smith, senior, grew contemplative on the subject of his son's future; and incidentally the sweep of his reflections reached well back into his own past; for he loudly imagined the two careers, his and the boy's, were woven threads in the same fabric of circumstance. As a young man he had started in his shirt sleeves, lifting the responsibility of the village drug store from the shoulders of his sturdy old father; and by dauntless energy and patience, had de-

veloped the finest chain of retail drug emporiums in the West. Now he hoped to pass his achievement on to his son for the next lap in the great relay. Still he had misgivings. He slid down on the cushioned seat, drawing his light top coat over his broad chest, while he studied the clean face and broad, sinewy shoulders of the young man beside him, and wondered if modern youth could stand the strain as he had done.

"Dad," spoke up Gilbert Ray seriously. "I'm going to buckle down now, and work like a Trojan. Honest injun, Dad, no fooling."

This declaration of purpose was as music to the ears of the business man. He had waited through four uncertain years for his son to wear off a rather prolonged boyhood, and the sporting proclivities manifested during a college course. He unbuttoned his top coat, with a sudden conviction that the air was warmer, much warmer. "Bravo, boy!" he cried joyously. "You couldn't have said anything more sensible. I'll get more satisfaction seeing you at the helm than I ever found in being there myself. Watching my son succeed will be my favorite sport."

"I'll do my best, Dad; and I have a number of ideas tucked up my sleeve that will do the old business good."

Smith, senior, leaned back on the upholstery, with an air of perfect contentment, and began to unfold his dreams for his son's future. "What do you say, Gillie, to taking over active management at once?" he proposed tersely.

"Couldn't suit me better," declared Gilbert Ray, as he swung the car into the alley at the rear of store number fifteen, where the offices were located from which executive orders were sent out to a string of similar establishments scattered across a half dozen states.

Mr. Smith was elated over his son's

ready acceptance of the new responsibility; and being a consistent believer in the scriptural injunction which cautions against putting new wine in old bottles, he decided at once against imposing his methods on his successor. "I'll follow strictly the policy of watchful waiting," he mused, as he sat alone in the office the day after affairs had been formally turned over to Gilbert Ray. "The boy'll get a few bumps, but in the end he'll succeed better than if he keeps sucking at the silver spoon."

The retiring executive drummed his thick fingers on the desk, and a vague emptiness depressed him, a subtle, shadowy suggestion of age crept across his oval face, making the wrinkles about his calm, wide mouth a trifle deeper, and his iron-gray hair perceptibly grayer. In the restricted light of the small office, cluttered by an assortment of nondescript filing cases and a big roll-top desk, Mr. Smith appeared unusually large. Silently he rummaged through the whole gamut of his experiences in search of material with which to build up a bulwark of logic that would support the wisdom of his provision for his son's future.

He arose and paced the floor reminiscently. The boy would have all the advantages he had had, and none of the disadvantages. There would be no nerve tension because of insufficient capital, no unpleasant experiences due to lack of education. Gillie's career would be that of a strong man in a strong place. He had already explained this to the boy. Still, there was one detail that needed attention, a mere detail; and he was determined that even this should not be neglected, so he pressed the call button and waited.

The secretary, Miss Dorothy Walters, a willowy brunette slip of a girl, blending a dainty coquettishness of form and manner with an attractive air of business acumen, entered the room, pad and pencil in hand prepared to take dictation, but Mr. Smith, for once, had no such object in view.

"Sit down, Dorothy," he ordered abruptly. Then suddenly he seemed groping for words, as if forgetful of his pur-

pose. Finally, however, he turned his effective gray eyes point blank on her until she fidgeted in discomfort, then spoke in a manner suggestive of the self-possessed chief that he was: "It's about the boy, Gillie, I wanted to speak," he said slowly.

Had he not dropped his gaze to the melancholy rug at that moment, he would have noticed a look of startled surprise dart across her face. "Oh?" she exclaimed with a melodious rising inflection.

"Yes, you know he's a fine fellow," continued the man obtusely. "And I'm turning the management over to him because I think he'll make a success of it." Mr. Smith's voice was mellow with paternal pride. "He's got only one weak point—all strong men have weak points you know. He's so full of enthusiasm and fight that he might—only a possibility to be sure—be a trifle too hasty sometimes. We have a number of managers in our stores who are likely to resent an abrupt attitude. So what I wanted to say, Dorothy, is this: In your secretarial capacity, and with your proved ability to write business correspondence that fits, you might find it necessary to pour oil on the waters occasionally if they get troubled. See what I mean? eh? See that nothing unusually rough gets by."

The senior Mr. Smith leaned back in his chair and twitted his thumbs industriously, while he waited confidently for her reply, which he took for granted would be in the nature of her characteristically eager willingness to carry out his orders.

However, he was disappointed. "I—I—thank you Mr. Smith for your confidence," she faltered, turning her clear, straight-forward eyes upon him. "But aren't you asking a little too much? Your son may not even retain me as his secretary. I—well," her voice sank to an uncertain whisper. "I'm doubtful about my ability to do as you ask."

"Oh, don't feel that way, my dear girl," he pleaded. "We know you, and believe me, we value you too highly to let you go."

The gold of a veiled sunset shone between the tall buildings across the street,

and framed her in the ethereal light of a solar tableau. She saw herself in a position filled with possibilities for embarrassment; her womanly instincts told her that matters might not go smoothly with her as secretary to the impetuous young Gilbert Ray; yet her loyalty to her old employer was so fine that she could not refuse. "Well, I'll do the best I can," she promised after a pause. "Is that all, Mr. Smith?"

"That's all," he chuckled rather tardily.

After the girl had gone he dragged his hat from the mahogany rack by the door, and plodded stiffly from the room. Outside, going down the stairs, his movements continued to be slow and heavy, as if it were only with difficulty he could take himself away from the scene of his life's labors. "S'all settled," he mumbled. "S'all settled." He broke into a feverish little laugh. "You're a pretty clever old fellow, W. G. Smith: you're a clever old guy, eh? You've fixed the kid up just right."

It took Gilbert Ray five months by the calendar, five years by the register of his impatient nature, fairly to put into operation the ideas he had tucked up his sleeve; and when this was all done the most certain evidence of the change was an ultra modern suite of offices in the latest constructed skyscraper, and the generally acclaimed opinion that the second Mr. Smith was a more liberal contributor to Chamber-of-Commerce projects than his father had been.

What was more important, however, even if less evident, was the fact that scattered across the wide stretches of Smith territory were a score of disgruntled managers, part owners in truth, who were secretly or openly sweating under the collars, and saying harsh things. So it happened that Dorothy had to begin early to pour oil on the troubled waters. Gilbert Ray, though, was not perturbed. He merely stretched his long legs under his new golden-oak desk, and laughed exasperatingly. "Oh, they'll get in step all right, all right," he predicted. "They need a little pumice stone rubbed into their necks to make 'em understand that

friction doesn't pay in big business." Still, the worried secretary was not so sure. She bit her sensitive lip in sheer vexation, and turned away in despair with the latest communication of John Ralston, manager of store number thirty-five at Rockysford, still in her hand.

For an hour after that she sat before her typewriter waiting for the inspiration to write, but it never came. The man was incensed, and her employer refused to let her offer the concession demanded, and which her womanly intuition interpreted as entirely correct for the occasion. Indignantly she finally resolved to treat the matter from a purely disinterested viewpoint, which was exactly what was expected of her; but her loyalty to old Mr. Smith was too great. Besides, she was interested in her young employer's success, and her own professional pride was involved as well.

"Oh, dear," she sighed in helpless chagrin, while her limpid penciled lashes grew moist, and a lump of bitterness persistently arose in her throat. Nervously she went to the small mirror, toyed with the light silken tresses of her hair, and smoothed the tiny streaks of worry from her eyes. Thus occupied, the business woman became the subtle, fascinating female, weaving designs to catch the unsuspecting male; but after an adequate interval, when she turned again to her problem, she was a severely plain and determined stenographer. Seizing the obnoxious letter, she went back to the door of the inner office and tapped resolutely.

Gilbert Ray suavely admitted her, and impressively drew a chair close to his desk, as though her call were his keenest delight. This spontaneous consideration almost disarmed her; but accepting his courtesy mechanically, she throttled her nerves, and went straight to the purpose.

"I can't answer this in the manner you desire," she said firmly.

"Why?" The young manager was not sure he understood her correctly, though the blood rushed to his face. "Why?" the second time. His voice grew a note sharper.

She hastened to say, "Because John

Ralston is a part owner of the stores he manages. He has always been allowed to decide many important matters for himself, and now you want me to tell him he can't buy a simple case of medicine unless you O. K. the order." Dorothy spoke with feeling; a wistful smile played upon her lips, and altogether her charming personality added to the earnestness of her words.

Gilbert Ray, however, was too irritated to be swayed by the girl's personal attraction. At first he stared at her speechless, then threw himself violently back in his chair. "Great guns, Dorothy," he exploded, "you think I'm unwise and unjust! Why, confound it, I'm running this business. These old fossils think because they own a few shares, and could soft soap Dad, they can do with me as they please. I'll show 'em. We have a ramshackle organization that must be coordinated and centralized, and, by Jove, I'm going to do it."

The secretary felt unable to combat such an outbreak of masculine determination. "Oh," she murmured tremulously. Her voice had been pitched for an exclamation, but it treacherously produced an apology. Her cheeks burned with mortification, and she hated herself for submitting. "Forgive me, Mr. Smith," she pleaded simply, "I'm not seeking to advise you."

Instantly Gilbert Ray repented in sackcloth and ashes. The sight of Dorothy's distressed face, earnest, loyal, beautiful, made him feel like a cad. Before he could frame his next sentence, however, she spoke again, this time straight from the abundance of her woman's heart. "Your theories are probably right, but you are making a mistake in your men, Mr. Smith; I fear it will cost you dearly, but sincerely hope it won't. It's not your secretary speaking now," she explained with a strange little click in her voice, "It's just Dorothy Walters. Your secretary has resigned."

By this time he was his boyish self again, begging a thousand pardons. "Really, Dorothy, no; don't do that: we need you; we—"

But she had slipped back through the glazed door into her own compartment, leaving him alone. Her flight bore evidence of resulting from one of those swift, instinctive decisions that have to be acted on at once or not at all. Outside he heard her gathering her simple belongings; then presently the outer door slammed, and he knew, with a compelling sense of loss, that she had gone and would not return. "Confound me for a fool!" he muttered disgustedly, "I was too rough, too rough. But then, women are so sentimental."

Shortly it became clear to all that the young holder of the Smith property was going to rule with an iron hand. Gilbert Ray formally notified the managers in his father's ramshackle organization that it was time to make some important changes; and accordingly he set the date for a meeting. Later, when the out-of-town members of the firm began to register at the local hotels, he called on them one by one, and sought to impress them with his compelling personality. At least Gilbert thought he could be both impressive and compelling. The truth is the new chief executive was regarded by the former associates of his father as a reasonably good boy, but one who suffered the usual instability resulting from over-indulgence. After Gilbert in his capacity as president had called the meeting to order, he quickly, and let it be said effectively, reviewed his purpose in bringing them together. It had come time for an important reorganization, the plan of which, as he carefully explained, consisted in substituting a corporation for the present loose, disjointed series of partnerships. After calling for a discussion he sat down. Then ensued dull silence. He had already won to his cause a goodly number of the younger men, enough he was sure to lighten the rest. Now he waited for them to express themselves, but the minutes dragged, and no one arose. The situation became embarrassing. At last a gray-haired man arose. "Men," he said bluntly, after a prolonged period of self-conscious blinking, "I guess I'm a bit old-fashioned, but I don't want to go into a corporation; I want to get out instead of getting farther in, so if it's

all right with Mr. Smith, I'll offer him a cash settlement for his share of the stores I'm interested in."

Gilbert Ray grew red in the face as he recognized Ralston, the troublesome John Ralston. He had hoped he would not hear from him at all. "The Smith interests are not for sale," he answered positively.

Ralston was slightly shaken, but he patiently held his position. "But—but there's a clause in the articles of agreement between your father and me, which gives me the right to buy out his interest in case I become dissatisfied. I am now very much dissatisfied," he declared.

"What about?" Gilbert Ray was instantly on his feet.

Ralston explained how it was, and was supported by several others, who claimed similar concessions. The older Mr. Smith had evidently been liberal, on the theory that better cooperation is obtained by loyalty than by force, hence he had made it possible for disgruntled partners to withdraw.

The discussion became lively at once, and Ralston's idea proved to be tremendously popular. Many who had never thought of pulling away from the organization before now became exceedingly ambitious. However, after several speeches were made by the younger members of the firm, showing the advantages of a corporate organization, a vote by secret ballot was called, and Smith lost by a substantial majority.

"A motion for adjournment is in order," growled Gilbert Ray in despair.

The young man faced the new situation courageously. He insisted that they eventually would see things his way. Before three weeks had passed, however, the weakness of his position was impressed upon him. His managers, with scarcely an exception, signified their desire to withdraw, and Gilbert's lawyers assured him that he could do nothing to prevent it. His only course was to accept their payments and let them go their way. The company which had been built and maintained by the father was falling to pieces under the direction of the son. In this

state of mind, the young man wrote a letter to his father, but the letter was never sent. His pride interfered at the last moment. Then, to relieve his feelings, he banged the drawers of his desk shut, obtained his car and sped out on the long, smooth highways of brown October.

The breeze cooled his throbbing temples, and the vibration of his powerful motor generated new vitality in him, while he absorbed the beauties of gorgeous poplar, sycamore, and catalpa trees, over which spread magnificent stretches of asure sky.

At the park he whirled into the central driveway, still in doubt as to which direction he should take. For the lack of more definite purpose, he halted at the zoo, and idly watched the bears.

Presently he was startled by the sound of a melodious feminine voice,—a voice that spoke his name. He turned quickly to the pressing crowd back of him, and found himself gazing into the luminous face of Dorothy Walters.

"Why, hello," he greeted diffidently. Then acting entirely without respect for convention, he shook her soft hand, holding it longer than was necessary in his delight.

Dorothy was saucily attired in a dainty mandarin slipover blouse, and plaid skirt, together with a brown and orange wool throw and a cap to match. She was as delightfully gay and colorful as newly blown autumn leaves.

Gilbert Ray was in the right mood to be subject to strong and unexplainable impulses. "Dorothy, please come over and get into my car," he pleaded, and heedless of her half-startled protest, he led her to the waiting machine; and in a moment, his heart thumping irregularly, he was speeding from the park with the astonished girl beside him.

As the undulating miles crawled under his car, and the houses were replaced by soggy meadows and clumps of flaming scrub oak, Gilbert Ray found it once more within his power to think clearly. He began to reflect on the exact status of his business. It was neither good nor bad, he concluded; it was simply non-existent,

sold out in fact. He had suddenly been transformed from a hustling young business man to a gentleman of leisure with a rather large bank account. What would the governor say? One thing was certain; he would have to find some way of redeeming himself in the eyes of his father.

Meanwhile he faced the problem of being agreeable to his companion. It was unusually hard. His first impulse was to start where he had stopped the day she had quit his employ, but he wisely desisted. "Do you often go to the park?" he quizzed.

"Not often. Do you often watch the bears?" she countered.

Then there was a long pause during which Gilbert wondered whether she was glad or sorry that he was no longer her employer. For some reason, not easily explained, he was glad he was not.

"Those hills are beautiful in the afternoon sunlight," she murmured appreciatively.

"Beautiful!" he echoed, paying more attention to the contour of her face.

There was another long and painful silence during which they reached the last enticing curve of the smooth drive, and were veering down to the river road that leads to Blue Lake and circles back to the city by way of Cassidy hot springs.

"I know you've something to ask me," Gilbert Ray demanded grimly! "Why don't you do it?"

"But I'm not going to ask you anything," she laughed uneasily.

"Oh, please do," he coaxed.

She let her eyes travel appreciatively along the miles of crimson-tinted mountains across the valley, then turned her face daringly to him. "Well, if you insist," she said whimsically. "How are you getting along with the business, Mr. Smith?"

"Even worse than you suspect," he retorted.

They both laughed, but Dorothy immediately checked herself, and looked seriously ahead, though she said nothing until they had glided over a mile of pavement. "That's too bad," she reflected

sorrowfully. "I—I wanted to see you make a great success of it."

"Did you?" he asked with feeling. "Why?"

"Why? Because your father wanted so much to see it," she replied demurely.

"No other reason?" eagerly.

"Well—yes;" she kept her face carefully turned away from him. "I—I like to see people succeed."

He was strangely fascinated in his disappointment? "It was my own fault," he declared repentantly. "If I had listened to you, everything would have been all right." Then he explained the whole situation. They had reached Blue Lake by the time he had finished, and thoughtfully they watched a fleet of belated pleasure boats floating like painted shells on the ruffled water.

A delightful haven of beauty is Blue Lake; hence they were absorbed by sight and sound of wind on water, sunshine and shadow, and hills dressed in leathern garbs, all of which were perfectly enchanting. Gilbert Ray, thus enticed, forgot his business failure, and Dorothy, true to her impressionable nature, gazed intently toward the farthest horizon, but her vision extended farther than mere visible distance, farther than the obscurest detail of earth or sky. It surpassed realms physical; it was spiritual.

"Mr. Smith," she turned to him with a sudden intensity, born of deep feeling. "I'm sorry your partners were so eager to desert you."

"Thanks," he replied dryly, as he started the car on the swing back to town. "Still, if it were not for the fact that it will break Dad's heart, I'd say good riddance."

"Oh, how can you?" she protested. "I have more love for the standing of the firm than that."

He glanced into her eyes, then at the water, and thought there was something of heaven in both.

The steering wheel required Gilbert Ray's close attention during the next mile, and he struggled with an emotional complex, the like of which he had never be-

fore experienced; then on the brink of a great realization, he turned his serious face to her. "Dorothy—Dorothy," he whispered, "that was not the kind of partnership for me. It was too big, too loose. I only want one partner—I want you."

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she gasped, her cheeks glowing like the evening sky, "why, I couldn't be your partner. You wouldn't take a suggestion from poor little me." Her voice, seemingly severe at first, shaded off into something approaching acquiescence.

"I wouldn't, but I will," he declared, then drew her close to him with a courage that was quite like himself. "I'm open to suggestions now, dear," he added very much in earnest.

"I have one to offer," she returned sweetly, after a moment of silence. "Turn every dollar of your father's capital back to him; then we'll raise enough to start a store of our own, just a tiny one on a corner, where we can sell ice cream, soda, and red hots as a side line."

Gilbert Ray in his exuberance of newly found enthusiasm, fed his machine all the gas it would take, the girl had to reprimand him for bending the speed laws. "Dorothy," he murmured, when he again became normal, "you are a wonder; I ac-

cept your suggestion with all my heart. Will you let me add to it?"

"Of course; add away."

"We'll save our profits and when we get enough money, we'll buy another store, then another, and finally a whole string of them, as Dad did, save that we'll have no John Ralstons."

"Gillie, ours will be the only kind of a partnership that's successful," she replied happily.

That night Gilbert Ray sent the following telegram to his father:

"Dear Dad:

"Business has gone to the dogs; money's in bank to your credit; am buying some work shirts; expect to start in shirt sleeves as you did; have eloped with your secretary."

As quickly as it could be sent back over the wires, he received this reply:

"Dear Son:

"Ralston has informed me of affairs at home; you are a confounded idiot; get some durable shirts with large necks; eloping with my secretary is the only sensible thing you've done so far.

"Lovingly,
"Dad."

YOUR EYES

I love your eyes, that softly look in mine,
They hold for me sweet messages divine;
They lift me up, from dark, despairing hours,
Reminding me of sunshine, stars and flowers.
And should those eyes, so sparkling now with life,
Close, to shut in the angel we call "Death,"
May that sweet hope, and faith, and loving trust
Still guide me on, that I again may see
Your shining eyes, in God's eternity.

Messages from the Missions

THE FRENCH MISSION

BY PRESIDENT ERNEST C. ROSSITER

The French mission had its beginning in the year 1850, when John Taylor, who afterwards became president of the Church, arrived in Paris in company with Elder Curtis E. Bolton. It was in the center of this great metropolitan city that they were guided by the Spirit of the Lord to the home of Mr. L. A. Bertrand, a man of wide experience and of profound learning. The Lord had needed a man of his ability to assist in establishing the work in the French nation. At first he disputed stubbornly, but soon all the questions and all the objections with which he opposed the elders were made clear, or successfully refuted to his entire satisfaction. After three months of earnest study and reflection the Lord revealed the divinity of their mission to him.

On December 1, 1850, John Taylor baptized five souls at the Ile Saint-Ouen, Paris, Mr. Bertrand being among those to receive this divine ordinance. The same day they were confirmed. Thus it was that the restored

Church was established among the French people.

On the 2nd of December, 1850, the day following the first baptism, the translation of the Book of Mormon was commenced. Shortly afterwards the Voice of Warning and Doctrine and Covenants were translated by Brother Bertrand.

After having finished the translation of the three books, Brother Bertrand sailed for the land of Zion, where he remained for several years, becoming better acquainted with the doctrines of the newly restored truths. In 1859, President Brigham Young sent a letter to Brother Bertrand calling him to proceed to France to take up his labors as president of that mission.

Under the able direction of Presi-

dent Bertrand, many conversions were made in France, Switzerland and Belgium. The people of Geneva, Lausanne, Neuchatel and La Chaux de Fonds were quick to recognize the truth of the beautiful message that the missionaries carried to them. Many



PRESIDENT ERNEST C. ROSSITER

wonderful manifestations were enjoyed by the converts in those cities in direct fulfillment of the promise given by the Lord to all who would obey his messengers.

Among the many converts of French Switzerland was Brother Ballif, born at Lausanne, and reared in the Protestant school of theology. Prior to his conversion he was a sincerely devoted Protestant minister. Shortly after his baptism he emigrated to Utah, but subsequently returned to Switzerland as a missionary. The devoted work accomplished by Elder Ballif was far-reaching. Many of his descendants have returned to this land as ambassadors of the Church of God, and even today we have one of his progeny laboring in France. Serge F. Ballif, twice mission president of the Swiss-German mission was of his posterity.

Several very faithful attempts have been made in France to establish a permanent foundation of the Church, but the harvest has not been of an encouraging nature. Many of these, however, who were converted remained faithful. Because of the non-response of souls there, it was deemed advisable by the inspired authorities of the Church to abandon the territory for a season. Subsequently the missionaries were recalled, and placed in Belgium and Swiss Romand, where the harvest had been more gratifying. The branches have steadily increased in number in those two nations until now the many faithful adherents are of such a number as to command recognition, and their fruits are readily recognizable. The Spirit of the Lord is made abundantly manifest and they all bear testimony of the truth of the latter-day work.

It was on December 26, 1924, that President David O. McKay, of the European mission, organized France, Belgium, and the French part of Switzerland into a separate unit, thus the French mission was reborn. Russell H. Blood, then secretary of the European mission was chosen mission pres-

ident, with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. In this capacity President Blood labored with ability.

On August 30, 1925, he was succeeded by the writer, who had previously labored as a missionary in Belgium from 1904 to 1907, also as president of the Tihitian mission from 1915 to 1920.

Since its last organization, the French mission has grown until it is now in a prosperous condition. There are fifty-two elders working in twenty-two cities, which are organized into five districts, three of which are in France, one in Belgium and one in Switzerland. Sunday Schools, Relief Societies and Mutual Improvement Associations are organized in sixteen of these cities.

In commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the delivery of the plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith, a pageant and illustrated lectures on the Book of Mormon were given throughout the mission. This resulted in an increase of the sales of this book. It also made many friends, as well as allaying much prejudice. Many favorable press articles appeared in newspapers of the different cities.

We have, under construction, two chapels, one in Liege, the other in Seraing, Belgium. This is the first property to be acquired by the Church in the mission. Paris has only recently been opened for missionary work. The one peculiarity noted in this wonderful city is that our missionaries find it almost impossible to get past the *concierge* who has control of all apartments in the building. We have, therefore, had large posters printed and pasted them up throughout the city. This has resulted in bringing a number of investigators to our meetings.

In many of our branches we are giving English classes which are open to all. Many young people have been attracted to them, some of whom are attending our Sunday services. From young men who attend these classes,

we have been able to start Boy Scout organizations.

We have a splendid body of humble missionaries who are working faithfully for the progress of the Lord's work, and the salvation of the French-speaking people.

The progress which is now being made in France is far greater than was expected. We have high hope of the future progress of the French mission. We love the French-speaking people, and are deeply interested in their salvation.

During the past three years the expansion of the mission has largely been in France. Some of the cities which have been opened up have made wonderful progress. Heretofore it has been

thought that to convert a real Frenchman was a thing impossible, but to-day we have many of that blood who have embraced the Gospel and are among our most faithful members.

Our missionaries are speaking very good French, and often it becomes difficult for the natives to detect that they are not one of their own country-men. We are making special effort to teach our elders the importance of acquiring a French accent or at least to approach it as near as possible. Happily this has resulted in much improvement. Any student of French who wishes to perfect his knowledge of the language, and prepare himself for a better future, could well afford to come to France as a missionary.

THE AUSTRALIAN MISSION

BY PRESIDENT CHARLES H. HYDE

"Australia!"

"Where is that?"

"What kind of a country is it?"

"Are the people white or black?"

"Do I have to learn another language?"

Such have been the questions many an elder has asked when he received a call to go to Australia on a mission. And often those to whom the questions were directed were but little better informed. So the atlas was hunted up and it was found that Australia is an English possession, populated almost entirely by descendants of English people, that the English language is pre-

dominant, that the main products of the country are wheat, cattle, sheep and kangaroos.

Australia is a continent—not a mere island, for it is as large as the United States. It lies about eight thousand miles southwest of San Francisco where we take the boat for a nineteen-day journey. Some one has said that "If you really want to know the definition of the word eternity, just take a trip from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia; and, further, to understand the meaning of eternal punishment, just be sea sick all the way down." Of course the journey seems long, and many of the elders



PRESIDENT AND SISTER CHARLES H. HYDE

"have never seen so much water in all their lives."

But the journey is not without its interesting features. For example: Our first stop is at Honolulu, about seven days out, and after finding our land legs again, and overcoming the feeling that the land is trying to come up and meet our feet, we take a look around the city, look up the mission headquarters, where obliging elders are kind enough to show us the attractions of that wonderful city. Then we embark for another seven-days' journey.

We cross the equator after about three days and usually are introduced to "King Neptune" and his court, then on to Samoa. We enter the harbor of Pago Pago, beautiful hills, fern and flower-covered to the water's edge, towering on each side. It doesn't take long to go over the city. There are many natives on the wharf offering curios of the country, mainly their own handiwork—then on again to Fiji, entering the port of Suva.

Here the elders who are at all familiar with the Book of Mormon and the Lamanite people obtain a most valuable testimony to the effect that the people they meet in Suva are not those spoken of in that sacred record. The physical distinctions between them and those they have just left are so marked that the truth is borne into our minds with great force, and is of great value. We realize that the real Polynesians who inhabit the islands of Hawaii, Society Islands, Samoa, Tonga and New Zealand are a kindred people, having the same tribal characteristics, similarity in language and traditions. These latter people inhabit the islands nearest the American continents. Those lying farther west are peopled by a distinct type not nearly so adaptable to civilizing influences. Usually it is with gratitude we again board ship for the last lap of our journey.

Five days later we pass through the "heads" into Port Jackson—Sydney harbor—said to be one of the finest

harbors in the world. On each side of the harbor are tree-covered hills out of which the red-tiled roofs of the different suburbs appear, forming a beautiful contrast to the eye. Here are the homes of the well-to-do people. Joy fills the heart at the beauty of the scene and the thought that the long journey is at an end.

About noon we are alongside the wharf and, looking down at the crowds assembled, we see black-hatted and black-clothed young men, who have already picked us out and are endeavoring to attract our attention. We now realize that this is the rule in the Australian mission—a strict uniformity in dress. These elders welcome us at the wharf. We are conducted to the headquarters of the district, where we receive instructions and assignments—the latter sometimes meaning another trip by rail or boat as we may choose for a distance of from 500 to nearly 3,000 miles.

The mission is divided into six districts, each state forming a district. New South Wales, with headquarters at Sydney, has the largest population, Sydney itself having more than 1,000,000 inhabitants. Victoria stands next, Melbourne being the headquarters with a population of more than 900,000. Queensland on the north has an area larger than Texas, with quite as large a population for the whole state, with headquarters at Brisbane, and but four elders to cover it. South Australia has its headquarters at Adelaide—the city of churches—the city having a population of more than 300,000. West Australia comes next, bordering on the Indian Ocean, Perth being the principal city, with a population of 184,223, and four elders located there. Then comes Tasmania, the headquarters located at Hobart, which has a population of 55,130. Eight elders are located in Tasmania, there being three branches of the Church established there. The total population of Australia, urban and country, is 6,167,429.

In visiting the districts for the purpose of holding conferences we cover considerable territory. It is 715 miles from Sydney to Brisbane; 589 from Sydney to Melbourne; 484 farther on to Adelaide, and then comes a three days' journey on to Perth, covering 1,686 miles, then all the way back again. We take the boat from Melbourne to Tasmania, about 200 miles, across the Bass Strait, said to be the

worth of property in Australia. Four of the chapels have been erected within the past four years and all of them within the past eight years. In all the Church buildings, except the one in Glen Huon, elders' quarters have been provided at the back of the chapel.

Tasmania is one of the most interesting districts from the point of view of the traveler. The boat from Melbourne enters the river at the north



THE L. D. S. CHAPEL AT HOBART, TASMANIA, DEDICATED FEBRUARY 22, 1925

roughest bit of water in the world, and from experience we have no argument on that point—we admit it.

In each of the capital cities we have fine brick churches erected, while at Glen Huon, Tasmania, and at Bankstown, New South Wales, we have attractive rustic buildings, the latter only just completed and dedicated on June 10, 1928. We also have a comfortable mission home recently purchased. In all, the Church owns over \$75,000

end of the island and proceeds southward 40 miles to Launceston, a beautiful little city of perhaps 25,000. We proceed from here to Hobart, 120 miles by motor bus or train, through wooded hills, farms and orchards. It is colder here, snow being quite common in the winter months. In the spring when the orchards are in bloom the ride down from Launceston is beautiful, but when we take the bus again to go up the Huon river and valley it is

transcendent. Millions of cases of apples are shipped each year from Tasmania to England and the continent, fruit growing being the principal industry of that little island.

One of the soul-inspiring experiences comes from traveling from district to district, visiting the elders and saints, and finding the elders enjoying the spirit of their callings, filled with the spirit of brotherly love and unity. "Be ye one even as my Father and I are one" is beautifully exemplified. Scripture class is held at 7 o'clock each morning, breakfast a little after 8, then out tracting soon after 9. Saturdays the elders do their own washing, clean up the chapel and their living quarters, each elder being assigned to some particular duty.

It is especially delightful to see the marked change that comes over the new elders as they enter into the work assigned them. Sometimes homesickness plays its part, but is soon overcome. A new light begins to shine in their eyes and as they grow in experience their countenances are illumined by the spirit of truth. Their influence is felt for good wherever they go. The gifts and blessings of the Gospel follow their administrations, some of the most remarkable cases of healing having only recently occurred. Their understanding of the Gospel plan is quickened and

enlarged. To hear them bearing testimony and singing upon the street corners fills one with joy and thanksgiving. What a blessing it is to these elders and what joy would enter the hearts of the fathers and mothers could they but stand near by and listen to them! Our constant prayer is that we might have a hundred such young men instead of thirty-five or forty. Now we have just enough to care for the Saints and occasionally a little country work.

The year 1927 was a banner year for this mission in the sale of the Book of Mormon. Late in 1926 we adopted the slogan of "One thousand Books of Mormon for 1927," and we went over the top, selling and loaning 1316 copies. This was double the number for 1916. This was accomplished with an average of thirty-two elders. There was also more country work done, and this year we seem to be reaping the benefit of the sowing.

Of the auxiliary organizations we now have fully organized five Relief Societies, nine Sunday Schools and seven Mutual Improvement Associations, all officered by local brethren and sisters. These are a great help to the mission. We also highly appreciate the *Improvement Era*. Each year the magazine more and more lives up to its name.

THE SWEDISH MISSION

BY PRESIDENT GIDEON N. HULTERSTROM

The territory, originally designated as the Swedish mission, embraces Sweden, Finland, and Russia, and was included in the Scandinavian mission together with Denmark and Norway. To our knowledge no elders have ever been stationed in Finland or Russia, and there has not been any organized branches of the Church in these countries. However, occasionally some elders have made trips to Russia and Finland to visit the few Saints living there. The Scandinavian mission was first opened with headquarters in Copen-

hagen, Denmark, June 14, 1850, by Apostle Erastus Snow.

We learn from the historical record, that missionary work began in Sweden in June, 1850, by the late Elder John E. Forsgren, who at the general conference of the Church held in Great Salt Lake City, in October, 1849, was called as the first missionary to Sweden at the same time Apostle Erastus Snow and Elder Peter O. Hansen were called to Denmark. Five days after their arrival in Denmark, Elder Snow blessed and set apart Elder Fors-

gren for his mission to Sweden, and he proceeded at once to the little city of Gavle (where his relatives resided) and commenced to preach the Gospel. In a short time he made a convert of his brother, Peter Adolph, who was miraculously healed by the power of God, and then baptized on Friday, July 26, 1850, as the first fruits of preaching the restored Gospel in Scandinavia, for this was about three weeks before Elder Snow commenced to baptize in Denmark. Elder Forsgren also baptized his sister Erika, and another person. His success aroused the civil authorities, there being no religious liberty in Sweden, and he was arrested, accused of being a law-breaker, tried, and finally banished from the country; but before he left he baptized a number of people, who were about to emigrate to America.

Instead of returning to America, as the Swedish authorities expected him to do, Elder Forsgren escaped from his ship in Elsinore, Denmark, and there continued his missionary labors, but his banishment from Sweden delayed the further introduction of the Gospel in that

President and Sister Gideon N. Hulterstrom

country until 1853, when the missionaries from Copenhagen crossed over the sound (Oresund) and commenced operations in the province of Skane, where the first branch and the first district was organized early in 1853, through the instrumentality of Anders W. Winberg and others. From Skane the missionaries pushed northward, and in a few years a large number of branches were opened up in different parts of the country, grouped into five large and flourishing districts.

Fierce persecution was occasionally encountered, but the missionaries endured it with cheerfulness and continued their labors with added zeal, baptizing thousands of souls as time went on. The laws governing religion in Sweden were gradually made more liberal, and November 20, 1901, a number of the leading brethren in the city of Stockholm, made an application to his majesty Oscar II, king of Sweden, to have a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints legitimized under the laws. The Department of Ecclesiastics advised against this, however, and the application was denied.

The city of Stockholm gradually became the central point for missionary activity in Sweden, being the capital and metropolis of the nation and soon had the largest branch of the Church in the Scandinavian mission. The necessity of a commodious meeting house and headquarters had long been felt and agitated when President Anthon L. Skanchy of the Scandinavian mission, on May 25, 1902, appointed a committee consisting of Joseph J. Canon,

then president of the Stockholm district, Elder Neils Anthon, and Nils Nilsson to search out a suitable location, and immediate steps were taken to start a contribution fund. The property known as No. 3 Svartensgatan was finally obtained and the construction of a hall started early in May, 1904, under the immediate supervision of the president of the Stockholm district, Elder C. J. A. Lindquist. The work was completed and the property dedicated by President Heber J. Grant, October 22, 1904.



On November 8, 1904, the ecclesiastical synod or consistorium of Stockholm petitioned the "Overstathallare Embetet" to enjoin the Latter-day Saints from holding public meetings in their hall. In a decision rendered February 4, 1905, the petition was denied. The consistorium immediately appealed their case to the king, but he subsequently sustained the decision.

Elder Anthon L. Skanchy was released as president of the Scandinavian mission in December, 1904, and Elder C. D. Fjeldsted appointed in his place. Mission houses had now been erected in Copenhagen, Denmark, Christiania, now Oslo, Norway, and Stockholm, Sweden. The Church authorities now thought it wise to divide the mission into two and organize the Swedish mission, embracing the territory before specified, with headquarters in Stockholm, Sweden. Elder Peter Matson of Mount Pleasant, Utah, was set apart to preside over the mission May 16, 1905, and arrived in Stockholm June 19, 1905, and the Swedish mission was duly organized, with headquarters at Svartensgatan 3, Stockholm, Sweden. The official date of the organization was July 1, 1905.

Since its organization, the following elders have presided over the mission, in order, as follows: Peter Matson, Peter Sundwall, Andreas Peterson, Theodore Johnson, Theodore Tobiason, A. P. Anderson, Theodore Tobiason, (second term) Isaac P. Thunell, Gideon N. Hulterstrom, Hugo D. E. Peterson, John H. Anderson, Andrew Johnson, and Gideon N. Hulterstrom (second term), who is now presiding.

This field at present is divided into five districts and sixteen branches. The Church owns two large buildings, one in the city of Gothenburg, and the other in Stockholm. There are 12 Sunday Schools, 11 Relief Societies, and 8 Mutual Improvement Associations. The membership of the mission is 1,789 according to the membership record.

The mission magazine, *Nordstjarnan*, published twice a month, was begun Janu-

ary 3, 1877. This magazine is the means by which the scattered Saints are kept spiritually alive. Many members who have emigrated to Zion remain subscribers, and for years they have been partakers of the missionary spirit thus carried to them.

Utah-Posten, the Swedish weekly paper published in Salt Lake City, and edited by Elder J. M. Sjodahl, is also doing a great missionary work among both members and non-members in the mission. Through the courtesy of the First Presidency of the Church, about 1,200 copies are received and effectively distributed every month in Sweden.

There are only 28 elders laboring in this large mission, but they are performing a splendid work. Last year's record reads thus: 11,197 Gospel conversations, 312 Books of Mormon distributed, 291 other books, 9,785 pamphlets and 61,464 tracts distributed, and 2,352 meetings held. There were 91 baptisms last year.

The first five months of the year 1928, show the results of enthusiastic and intelligent work on the part of the elders in this "Land of the Midnight Sun" among the good-hearted people of Sweden, where so much of the blood of Israel has been found. The five months' report shows that the missionaries had 5,452 Gospel conversations, distributed 154 Books of Mormon, 5,405 other books and pamphlets, and 73,068 tracts, and held 965 meetings. There have been 27 baptisms up to the present time.

A special effort is being made this year to place the Book of Mormon before the public. A number of copies have been placed in the public libraries and presented to editors of newspapers, and this work will be followed up.

President and Sister John A. Widtsoe are expected to visit Sweden the latter part of the summer, at which time a summer conference will be held in Stockholm.

The work of our heavenly Father is growing in this mission; the elders are laboring unitedly in an effort to carry the Gospel to all, and they are well received by the people in general.

THE HAWAIIAN MISSION

BY PRESIDENT WILLIAM M. WADDUPS

Few indeed are they who cast aspersions upon the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Hawaii. The fruits that have been brought forth by its members are so manifestly beneficial that the name "Mormon" has long since ceased to be looked upon with disfavor.

The first party of missionaries, ten in number, arrived in these islands on December 23, 1850. There were few foreigners here then, but those early missionaries found the native people receptive to their message. The absence of whites and the necessity of learning a new and difficult language, combined with the strangeness of native customs and living conditions, all tended to discourage these early missionaries. It was not long after their arrival, therefore, that some of them felt called to return either to their homes or to go to more promising fields of labor. A few of the original party, among them President George Q. Cannon, remained, learned the language, became acquainted with the people translated and published the Book of Mormon, and laid the foundation upon which has since been built the magnificent structure of the Hawaiian mission.

When George Q. Cannon returned to his home, after three and a half years of service, about three thousand good

Hawaiians had accepted the new message. Branches of the Church were organized, and since then tens of thousands of the choice people of Hawaii have tasted the joy that comes from membership in the Church of Christ.



President William M. Waddups

There are five large islands in the Hawaiian group, (formerly known as the Sandwich Islands, so-called by their discoverer, Captain Cook, in honor of the Duke of Sandwich.) We have active branches on all these islands. The mission is divided into eleven districts: Hilo, Hamakua, Kohala and South Hawaii districts on the island of Hawaii; East Maui, West Maui, Molonai and Kalaupapa on the islands of Maui and Molokai. Kalaupapa district is located on the north coast of Molokai and is occupied exclusively by the Molokai leper settlement; Honolulu and Laie districts on the island of Oahu, and one district on the island of Kauai.

There are twenty-two branches on the island of Hawaii, seventeen on Maui, fifteen on Oahu, and eight on Kauai, making a total of sixty-two organized branches in the Hawaiian mission. Most of our branches have chapels in which to meet, ranging in cost from \$50,000 down to very modest sums. There are now several churches in course of construction, and a number of others on our building pro-

gram for the near future. Honolulu, Hilo, South Hawaii, Laie, and Kauai are also well equipped with amusement halls and gymnasiums. Every district in the mission, except Hamakua, is provided with a mission home of ample proportions to furnish headquarters and house all missionaries laboring in the district. We now have funds available for the erection of a mission home in the Hamakua district.

We are proud and happy to report that the tithes and offerings of the Saints in this mission have so far been ample to meet all our building and other expenses, making our mission entirely self-supporting.

Hawaii is honored and blessed by having the only temple erected outside of the geographical boundaries of the stakes of Zion. The erection of this beautiful building has been one of the greatest missionary efforts ever put forth in this mission. It has given us a dignity, a rating by

tourists, as well as island people, as one of the most beautiful buildings and grounds in the Territory.

Many thousands of travelers from the four corners of the earth visit our temple grounds each year. Courteous, well-informed missionaries are always present at the Bureau of Information, at the front gate, to conduct visitors through the grounds, to answer questions, explain the Gospel, dispense free literature, sell Books of Mormon, and be of any other service possible. Our temple grounds and Bureau of Information are, we believe, one of the important and far-reaching missionary activities of the Church.

Our annual report for 1927 showed a total membership of 14,299 in this mission. We have 451 elders, 152 priests, 263 teachers, and 484 deacons. These men holding the Priesthood, are most of them holding offices and assisting very materially in the auxiliary organizations



L. D. S. CHAPEL, HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN MISSION

The best of four meeting houses in the city of Honolulu. A new \$25,000 building will soon be erected in the Kaimuki district, Honolulu

of the mission. In 1927, 455 entered the Church through the door of baptism, 204 of whom were converts. There were 454 babies presented to the elders for blessing and christening.

We have well organized mission boards of all the auxiliary organizations, the Relief Society, Sunday School, M. I. A., Temple Genealogical Committee, and Primary, all being officered by local members of the Church, the missionaries acting largely in an advisory capacity. Our missionary auxiliary organizations are officered and function much as they do in the stakes of Zion. We hold semi-annual and annual conventions, and contests, and follow lessons outlined by the General Boards.

We have been very fortunate in receiving ample missionaries to conduct our work. Fifty to sixty missionaries are sufficient to cover well our limited territory. We use a number of local missionaries in the fields. A home missionary system has been established and, in addition to the missionaries giving their full time, we have perhaps fifty home missionaries en-

gaged in spreading the Gospel and building up the Church.

Even a brief account of the Hawaiian mission would not be complete without reference being made to President Joseph F. Smith. His name and that of President George Q. Cannon are still revered by the natives.

It is a privilege to work in the vineyard in this paradise, among this favored people. No truer Latter-day Saints can be found anywhere. Our missionaries are happy, united, humble, and diligent in their work. To their parents, we extend greetings, and congratulate you on the wonderful work they are doing. Your letters encourage them and your prayers in their behalf will continue to avail much.

The missionaries and Saints in this land send "Aloha" and best wishes to all who may read these lines. If you were to call on us sometime, you would find us in the enjoyment of the same spirit that characterizes this great latter-day work in all parts of the earth where it has been established.

Editor Albert Shaw, writing in the October *Review of Reviews*, has this to say: "That any country like the United States is better off without the regular widespread use of alcoholic beverages is too obvious to be argued about. The so-called 'drinking habit' is not compatible with the conditions of our present-day life. Twenty million automotive vehicles on our public highways provide twenty million arguments against the use of alcoholic beverages. * * The drink habit is doomed by virtue of the fact that we, as a nation, have adopted other habits and customs that make drinking a thing outlawed except by the reckless and foolish."

There are three kinds of people in this world, the Wills, the Won'ts and the Can'ts.

A life is alive so long as it is useful in some way to some one.

When we give to others, we keep the best things of life.

We grow only so long as we give and do.

Our blessings come when we forget the service we have rendered.

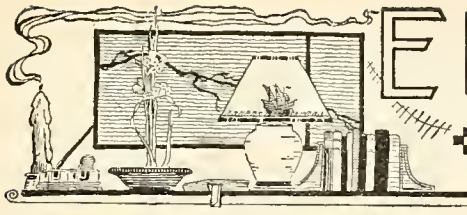
Goodness will fill our lives just as soon as we believe only good of others.

The Home of the Soul is reached by the paths that lead along God's Highway.

When we are prepared to use the Grail understandingly, we shall find it.

Happiness will crown our toil if we take the hard places and leave the easy chairs for our weaker brothers.

—Dorothy C. Retsloff.



EDITOR'S TABLE

THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE

"Mormon" conferences are talked of all over the world. Great human interest always attaches to a pilgrimage whether it be to Mecca, Jerusalem, Lhassa in Tibet or Salt Lake City.

During the recent gathering the city was at its very best, and it would be hard to find anywhere a more attractive gathering place than Salt Lake at her best. Soft and mellow colors on bush and tree blended harmoniously with the more gaudy ones of autumn; the brown mountains were enlivened by patches of gorgeous red; a few steps took the lover of nature's beauties to some elevated spot from which the glistening lake was clearly visible, and the sunlight on the majestic towers of the temple was like a benediction.

Religious people have always sought to know the will of the Lord. In olden times they came to the prophets to learn their duties concerning the affairs of daily life, their wars, their journeys, as well as in matters usually considered as belonging strictly to the realm of religion.

The intellectual and religious complexion of the modern world is undergoing a complete change; a startling array of new ideas confront the religionist, and in contemplating these a question naturally arises in his mind. How many of the innovations may be safely adopted? No one feels it necessary to wear sandals, though the Savior doubtless did so. None but extremists would insist that all baptisms be performed in the running Jordan, and yet all agree that if the leprous Syrian captain, Naaman, had dipped in the waters of Abana and Pharpar, about which he spoke so boastfully, he would not have been made clean.

In many Christian churches there are days and seasons which are held sacred by certain devotees, but our members do not always observe them. The rigid Mohàmmedan considers it sinful to ride on the train which runs from Damascus to Mecca, and still makes the thousand-mile journey on foot or astride a camel; but the Latter-day Saint does not consider it necessary to come to conference with an ox team or with a span of horses as was formerly the practice.

Those who consider themselves broadminded look upon adherence to old customs as fanaticism and would discard everything, including the sacrament, baptism and innumerable other important things.

A prophet's business is to reach out and with unerring judgment place his finger upon that which is vital. He urges believers to follow this course because it leads to peace, to avoid the other because it leads to trouble. Confronted with a difficult situation, the elements of which are so contradictory that they seemingly cannot be reconciled, he, because divinely guided, is able to say, this is essential and must be retained; that has no special significance and may be discarded. These questions answered by the wisdom of men resulted in the condition foreseen by Isaiah when he declared, "They have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances, broken the everlasting covenant." When they are answered by one having authority the Lord himself is bound by the answer.

It is easy, therefore, to understand why thousands flock to our spring and fall conferences. They come to listen to the voice of prophecy, to re-

ceive advice which will aid them in the solution of their problems and to gain sufficient spiritual strength to meet these problems with wisdom and patience. They come also to worship. There is not one of the general authorities of the Church who has not earned his livelihood by working long hours at his profession or secular calling. Therefore they are able to give advice on the temporal things of life. Because of their deep spiritual natures and the fact that their minds are centered so much on religious subjects they are well fitted to give advice on these matters. And more important than all else, the inspiration which belongs to their office qualifies them to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and all the leaders down to President Heber J. Grant and his associates have invariably pointed out the

path of temporal and spiritual safety. They have spoken and still speak as one having authority.

One may expect, therefore, that the counsel given at this conference will bear fruit. The subjects were all timely. Obedience to law, the home, clean living, temperance, unselfish service and other points were touched upon, and the spirit added to the eloquence with which the leaders spoke.

According to an ancient legend, a sphinx sat by the wayside propounding riddles to all who approached. If the traveler answered the questions correctly, he was permitted to pass safely on; failing to answer at all or answering incorrectly, he was destroyed. Carlyle compares this imaginary sphinx to life itself, and human wisdom is not sufficient to answer all of life's riddles successfully.—C.

OF INTEREST TO WRITERS

The *Era* offers a prize of \$50 for the best and \$25 for the second-best original story, on the following conditions:

Stories are to be between 3,000 and 4,000 words in length, not necessarily religious but of good moral tone.

All manuscripts to be typed and written on one side of paper only, and must be in our hands not later than February 1, 1929.

Manuscripts must *not* be signed, but should be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the author's name and address. If return of manuscript is desired sufficient postage therefor must be closed.

Stories which do not win a prize,

but which are suitable for our needs, may be retained by the *Era* upon payment of its usual rates.

Someone has said that "fine writing is re-writing." We suggest that those who intend to compete commence immediately, working their material over until they feel it is as nearly perfect as they can make it. Then lay it aside for a time until it is "cold." After that it can almost invariably be re-written with profit. The experience of writing, even if no prize is won, is well worth the effort.

The *Era* will not be in the market for any more stories until further notice; so concentrate your best efforts on the contest.

"Conscientiousness has in many outgrown that stage in which the sense of a compelling power is joined with rectitude of action. The truly honest man, here and there to be found, is not only without thought of legal, religious, or social compulsion, when he discharges an equitable claim on him; but he is without thought of self-compulsion. He does the right thing with a simple feeling of satisfaction in doing it, and is indeed impatient if anything prevents him from having the satisfaction of doing it."—*Herbert Spencer*.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS



All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood in this department are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD AT QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

At the quarterly conferences to be held in the stakes during the next quarter, part of the time will be taken up in Priesthood work, with a view of trying to "encourage every man to learn his duty and act in the office to which he is appointed with all diligence," for the Lord has said that "he that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved shall not be counted worthy to stand."

Many times men become careless and indifferent, not because they have no desire to take part in Priesthood activities, but because of a lack of preparation in their youth which brings to them a feeling of timidity which is hard to overcome. Some have carelessly formed a habit of using tobacco and in other ways realize that they are unfit for Priesthood activity.

It is the duty of active quorum members to labor with such in patience and in the spirit of love that they might be encouraged to take their place in the Priesthood of the Church. The burden of Aaronic Priesthood and the mission of Aaronic Priesthood supervisors are

so to encourage young men holding office in this Priesthood that they will refrain from developing habits which will drive them away from Priesthood activities, and that they will become genuinely enthusiastic in the work given them to do by the bishopric of the ward, supervised by men selected to give their personal and undivided attention to this work.

With this plan carefully followed, the quorums of the Priesthood should be strengthened and many who are now careless and indifferent turned from their course of carelessness to a whole-hearted desire to magnify their calling and endeavor to merit the blessings of the Lord which we may expect only through obedience to his commandments.

We hope all who hold the Aaronic Priesthood will ascertain immediately the date of their next quarterly stake conference that they may plan their work so that nothing may interfere with their presence, for it is at this time that full opportunity will be given to become thoroughly familiar with the new plan.

THE WORTHY POOR

The fullness of the Gospel is a perfect and complete plan for man's salvation—complete salvation,—which saves temporally as well as spiritually. Thus the Church of Christ provides for its poor and unfortunate, at least that is the Master's intention, but "all kingdoms have a law given, and to every law there are certain bounds and conditions."

One condition governing this tem-

poral salvation of the poor is that tithing and other donations be paid into the Church that it may be able to fulfill this duty. Another condition is that the poor in question be worthy of support from this source, having supported the Church themselves, at least to a degree which would justify their recognition as members thereof.

And this is not all, for indiscriminate giving is often as demoralizing as

indiscriminate refusing to give. Instead of making outright presents to the needy, it is more desirable, where it can be done, to give them employment. This saves them the injury and humiliation of compromising a certain essential personal pride in making an honest living by the sweat of their own faces.

In many cases, too, it is necessary and proper to give them direction and advice in their affairs, that the misfortunes which have reduced them to

want may be averted in the future. Sometimes this guidance is needed more than any other kind of assistance.

There are people who make bold claim on the Church for help, and receive it as a matter of fact without due appreciation, but more often native pride prevents them from allowing their need to be discovered. It is necessary for bishops and their representatives in the ward to ascertain how their people are provided for, and whether help should be offered them.
—*Albert R. Lyman.*

THANKSGIVING SONG

Prelude

To you who have shown unto me
 Love's triumph over pain;
 To you who teach this truth to me—
 Life means not selfish gain;
 To you, the God of higher things,
 The vanquisher of wrong,
 I lift my voice to render thanks,
 And praise you in my song.
 Thanks to you, God of all,
 Who e'en each sparrow's fall
 Heed with a mighty care
 For your creations!
 Thanks for the budding leaf,
 Thanks for the autumn's sheaf.
 Thanks for the friends you give,
 For life's elation!

E'en for the chastening rod,
 Thanks to you, dear God,
 If it the need shall be
 To shrive the soul of me,
 And with a guidance true,
 Bring me more near to you!
 Thanks for your Savior Son!
 Soon may your will be done
 On this terrestrial earth,
 And its celestial birth
 Bring peace divine!
 Let every tongue proclaim,
 Praise to your Holy Name!
 Thanks be to you, dear God!
 Thanks be to you!



MUTUAL WORK



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

IMPORTANT NOTICE

At a meeting of the General Boards of the M. I. A., held October 10, it was decided that in the matter of details of administration under the new plan—time of beginning meetings, length of periods, time of closing, etc.,—it be our policy to encourage all officers to

follow our printed instructions, as found in our new *Hand Book* and in "Suggestions for Quorums of Priesthood and M. I. A." The one-hour period assigned to M. I. A. work should not be curtailed.

M. I. A. INSTITUTES

Following is the itinerary for Special Institutes for stake M. I. A. executive officers and stake boards. Letters covering detailed instructions are being forwarded from the general offices. The following schedule gives the date of each institute, where it is to be held, and the stakes whose Boards are to attend:

Saturday, Sunday, October 20 and 21—Blackfoot—Blackfoot, Pocatello, Shelley, Idaho Falls.

Monday, October 22—Lost River—Lost River.

Wednesday, Thursday, October 24 and 25—Barratt Hall—Salt Lake, Pioneer, Ensign, Liberty, Granite, Grant, So. Davis, Oquirrh, Cottonwood, East Jordan, West Jordan, Tooele.

Saturday, Sunday, October 27 and 28—Juab—Juab, Tintic, Nebo, Palmyra, Millard, Deseret.

Wednesday, Thursday, October 31, November 1—Logan—Oneida, Franklin, Cache, Logan, Hyrum, Benson.

Saturday, Sunday, November 3 and 4—Richfield—Wayne, North Sevier, Sevier, South Sevier, Garfield, Panguitch.

Wednesday, Thursday, November 7

and 8—Ogden—Ogden, Mt. Ogden, Weber, No. Weber, No. Davis, Morgan.

Saturday, Sunday, November 10 and 11—Montpelier—Star Valley, Bear Lake, Bannock, Idaho, Montpelier. Monday, November 12—Portneuf—Portneuf.

Wednesday, Thursday, November 14 and 15—Provo—Alpine, Lehi, Timpanogos, Utah, Wasatch, Kolob, Palmyra.

Saturday, Sunday, November 17 and 18—Garland—Malad, Box Elder, Bear River, Curlew.

Tuesday, November 20—Emery—Emery.

Wednesday, November 21—Carbon—Carbon.

Thursday, Friday, November 22 and 23—Roosevelt—Roosevelt.

Saturday, Sunday, November 24 and 25—Uintah—Uintah.

Monday, November 26—Duchesne—Duchesne.

Wednesday, December 5—Lyman—Lyman.

Thursday, December 6—Woodruff—Woodruff.

Friday, December 7—Summit—Summit.

Monday to Saturday, December 10 to 15, inclusive—Canada—Canada.

Stakes in the following districts will meet in connection with leadership weeks at the different Church schools. District No. 6, at Dixie College; District No. 20, at Snow College;

District No. 10, at Ricks College; District No. 18, at Brigham Young University; District No. 12, at Burley Leadership Institute; stakes in District No. 3 and No. 4 will be visited later.

TO STAKE SUPERINTENDENTS AND PRESIDENTS M. I. A.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

On page 99 of the new *Hand Book* you will find an outline of our suggestions on mass participation in contest work. This form of contest, where it has been tried, has proved most successful. We hope that you are using this excellent idea, as we feel confident that it will help you in the development of the Church-wide contests, which come later in the year and will stimulate the entire program of the M. I. A.

The date for closing this mass participation is extended to February 1, 1929.

In developing the program we suggest the following steps:

1. A joint meeting with both boards, at which time careful outline of detail procedure should be made.
 - (a) Division of the stake into groups of larger and smaller wards.
 - (b) Listing of events in which the wards may participate. These should include the same fields (but not the same selections) of literary and musical work as our contest, both Church-wide and stake, as suggested on pages 94 and 95 in the new *Hand Book*.
 - (c) Listing of time and place where these events may score.

This problem depends largely on the local development of your program. Please note the suggestions made on page 99 of the *Hand Book*. The major objective is to get the largest possible number in each ward to participate.

- (d) Deciding on some form of recognition for winning wards. If a pennant is used, or any other inexpensive recognition, we suggest a first, second, and third place.
 - (e) Deciding upon methods of monthly report and time and place when final awards will be given.
2. This entire plan will vary in different stakes of the Church. It should be worked out with ward presidents, but the preparation of a suggested plan by stake officers will be helpful and save much time in discussion.
 3. When final decisions are made, they should be in written form and each ward president provided with a copy. Kindly send copy to General Offices of M. I. A.

Yours sincerely,

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,
Executive Director Y. M. M. I. A.
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
General Secretary Y. L. M. I. A.

EFFICIENCY REPORTS

The new efficiency report, we believe, is meeting with general approval. There is renewed interest, due to the

fact that no limit of one hundred per cent is set; each ward may now score according to its achievement. The fol-

lowing suggestions may be helpful:

Item No. 1. It is expected that the weekly executive officers' meeting referred to shall be joint. (See new *Hand Book*, p. 56.) The hour must be decided upon locally.

Item No. 2. Take credit for either 3 points or nothing for organization in each group.

Item No. 3. To find points, divide total enrollment by Church population.

Item No. 4. To find points, divide total average attendance by total enrollment, and then divide that result by 5. Take no credit if the average attendance is lower than 50%.

Item No. 5. The first part refers to the administrative group as a whole. If intelligent study is given each month to the general needs of the association and the community as a whole, and if (after consultation with bishops, stake boards, and a study of recommendations of the General Board in the *Hand Book*) the year-round program has been carefully planned, and the events are being carried forward regularly, then ten points may be scored.

In addition, 10 points may be scored each month if one or more of the events recommended by the General Board (see *Hand Book*, pages 57, 190, 339) have been given. It is understood that most of these events will be held on Friday evening, although occasionally it will be necessary to feature them at some other time; for example, the opening social, held on Tuesday evening.

Item No. 8. The scoring on this item will depend largely on the judgment of officers and leaders. If all concerned feel that the weekly program as outlined by the General Board is being carried forward with regularity and reasonable success, four points of credit may be allowed.

If the department projects and slogan projects are receiving some active and enthusiastic attention, at least on one night a month, two points may be scored on each. (In the Adult De-

partment the citizenship project may be counted as both the department and slogan projects; it is hoped that studies and surveys may be made of conditions and some really educational work accomplished).

In order to score on the reading course book some attention should be given to it several times during the month. Brief discussion of certain chapters or the reading of special paragraphs or reports on special chapters may be given; frequently a check also should be made to ascertain how many are reading the book. By the end of the season every member in each department should have read the book for the department and at least the older departments should have read in addition the *Pearl of Great Price* and *What Ails our Youth*.

SPECIAL NOTE TO STAKE SECRETARIES

Hereafter, in items 3 and 4, please give (on inside lines) *totals* of ward Membership and Average Attendance, in the various departments; in all other items (on inside lines) give *totals* of ward points; on the outside lines, under "Points," give *average* of ward points in the various items.

Please eliminate all fractions from report. If one-half or more, write next higher figure; if less than one-half, write next lower figure; for example, if $5\frac{1}{2}$, write 6; if $5\frac{1}{4}$ write 5.

If, in some instances, there is nothing to report, indicate with a cipher.

Following is an example of a stake report properly filled out:

STAKE EFFICIENCY REPORT

Y. M. M. I. A.

(1928-1929)

Stake—Granite Month—September
Stake Membership—11,669.

No. of Wards in Stake—9.

No. of Wards reporting—4.

1. Meetings—		Pts.	M Men Dept: Weekly Pro-	
(a) Administrative Mtg.	40		gram 12, Dept. Project 8,	
(b) Exec. Officers' Mtg.	27	7	Slogan Project 4, Reading	
2. Organization—			C. Bk. 2.	3
Executive Officers	12		Vanguard Dept: Weekly Pro-	
Music Director	12		gram 8, Dept. Project 6,	
Community Activ. Com.	12		Slogan Project 6, Reading	
Adults	12		C. Bk. 2.	2
M Men	12		Scout Dept: Weekly Pro-	
Vanguards	12		gram 12, Dept. Project 8,	
Boy Scouts	12	9	Slogan Project 4, Reading	
3. Membership—			C. Bk. 2.	3
Officers and Class Lead.	39		9. <i>Improvement Era</i>	0
Adults	85		10. Fund	1
M Men	83			
Vanguards	18			
Boy Scouts	145			
Total Enrollment	370	3	Total Points	65
4. Average Attendance—				
Officers and Class Lead.	44		Owing to the fact that so many of	
Adults	77		the Stake Efficiency Reports sent in for	
M Men	58		September were incorrectly and incom-	
Vanguards	20		pletely filled out, we are unable to pub-	
Boy Scouts	112		lish the regular comparative Statistical	
Total avg. attendance	311	17	and Efficiency reports in this number	
5. Special Activities—			of the <i>Era</i> . However, we hope that	
(a) Year-Round Program	20		the reports for October will be up to	
(b) Fri. Eve. Program	30	6	standard, in which case the compara-	
6. Sunday Eve. Joint Session		4	tive reports will be published in the	
7. Leadership Training (Union)			December number of the magazine.	
Meeting		7	We urge the stake secretaries to do their	
8. Departmental Work—			utmost to have their reports correct	
Adult Dept: Weekly Pro-			and complete, and to get them in on	
gram 12, Dept. Project 8,			time,—by November 10. Ward sec-	
Slogan Project 4, Reading			retaries should be urged to furnish the	
C. Bk. 2.		3	necessary details of all items of the re-	
			port.	

MUSIC FOR SUNDAY EVENING CONJOINT SESSION

It is advised that, beginning this month, the names of special musical numbers and their composers be submitted to the M. I. A. ward music directors very early, in order that ample consideration may be given as to their appropriateness. This will also enable

executives to give proper announcements of the numbers. We feel that those participating will be glad to co-operate in this, and, if necessary, change their selections to those more appropriate.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM

SUNDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 2, 1928

Theme: *The Lord's Part.*

1. Hymn: "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters."

2. Invocation.

3. Hymn: "Count Your Many Blessings."

4. Sermonette, Young Man: Text: Genesis 28:18-22; to be read well or effectively recited.

Comments:

Prove that Jacob went out an empty-handed youth and returned a man of wealth, a patriarch with a new name meaning a prince.

5. Reading, Young Lady (two minutes):

Not mine to keep, not mine to spend,
Not mine to give, not mine to lend—
'Tis the Lord's part, 'tis the Lord's
part—
A tenth of all I gain.

'Tis his to have, 'tis his to use,
As he, not I, may think or choose,
'Tis the Lord's part, 'tis the Lord's
part,
A tenth of all I gain.

God gives me all and asks this part
To test the trueness of my heart—
'Tis the Lord's part, 'tis the Lord's
part,
A tenth of all I gain.

His part shall be the first and best
Of all the ten with which I'm blessed—
'Tis the Lord's part, 'tis the Lord's
part,
A tenth of all I gain.

6. Sermonette, Member of Adult Department (10 minutes). Text, Malachi 3:8-12, to be clearly and effectively read.
Comment:

Prove that the prophecies of the Old Testament are binding on believers in the New Testament. See II Peter, 1:20-21.

7. Solo or Duet: "The Lord is My Shepherd."

8. Reading of official utterances by M. I. A. Officer:

"There is the law—pay one tenth.
* * * If we neglect our tithes and offerings we will feel the chastening hand of the Lord. We may just as

well count on this first as last. If we neglect our tithes and offerings we will neglect other things and this will grow upon us until the spirit of the Gospel is entirely gone from us and we are in the dark and know not whither we are going. * * * If the rich would pay their tithing we would have plenty. * * * If we love our religion we will be willing to pay our tithing.

"A poor woman ought to pay her tenth chicken if she has to draw out ten times as much for her support."—President Brigham Young. See *Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 269, 270-276.

"By this principle (tithing) the loyalty of the people of this Church shall be put to the test.

"By this principle shall be known who is for the Kingdom and who is against it.

"The law of tithing is a test by which the people as individuals shall be proved; every man who fails to observe this principle shall be known as a man who is indifferent to the welfare of Zion. * * * " President Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrines*, pp. 282-283.

9. Two four-minute testimonies concerning the paying of tithing.

10. Some questions:

Is not tithing a debt of honor to every Church member?

Which should be paid first, debts of honor or those otherwise secured?

Are tithe payers as a rule more thrifty than their non-tithe paying neighbors?

Why are tithing receipts good recommendations for credit?

11. Violin solo: (Something in keeping with the occasion.)

12. Remarks, one of the bishopric of the ward: "Why settle our tithing?"

13. Hymn: "High On the Mountain Top."

14. Benediction.

ADULT DEPARTMENT

GREAT BOOKS

A great book is always an inspiration. Great characters produce great books. To read them is to know life, and to appreciate them is to drink at the fountain of eternal truth. This is true of all great books and this department has selected a great book for its members this year. *From Immigrant to Inventor* is an autobiography of Michael Pupin. The author is a man now over seventy years of age. Being of a spiritual nature, he ever

manifested a love of God and of religious things. His mother was always his inspiration and his great love and loyalty for her is beautifully shown. To him America, his adopted country, is indeed the land of opportunity and advancement, and he values his citizenship beyond price. All these things, together with an account of his progress from humble immigrant to one of the foremost citizens of our country, are told with fascinating interest in the story of his life.

THE SLOGAN

We stand for Law: for the People who live it and the Officers who enforce it.

There never was a more timely slogan for the Mutual organizations than this one. If ever there was need for the enforcement of law it is now. "The paramount issue before every state, county and village is the enforcement of law and the suppression of crime," says the editorial of the *Saturday Evening Post* of May 12, 1928. This same article points out that no single national issue compares in vital importance to these local issues and that few vigorous whole-hearted attempts have been made to stamp out lawlessness.

"Obedience to law is not inherent but an outcome of social achievement and education." Our slogan brings home to us the importance of knowing the law and observing it. If there were not violations of law and neglect of enforcement of law, there would be no need for such an exhortation. The fact that people everywhere are becoming alarmed at the increase of crime is evidence that something is wrong. Legislators are not entirely to blame. They merely reflect the apathy of vo-

ters. The first step towards bettering conditions must be taken in the primaries or conventions, and the second at the ballot box. If we cannot always select the best men at the conventions, we can at least vote for the best men at the polls.

Real reform is certain to come. It will come, though, only by a change of heart by the rank and file of voters. When law-abiding citizens do their duty in the selection of men who will not only live up to the law themselves, but will also execute the law when necessary; and when they will stand behind officers who enforce the law instead of against them, then and only then will reform come.

President Grant, in the *Era* of April, 1928, says: "Every man and woman who has arrived at the years of political accountability and has the right to vote should never sell himself or herself or pledge himself or herself to vote for men regardless of who they may be, provided they are nominated by their party." Unfortunately, because of laxity, indifference, or partisanship, too often that is the case. The party man is too frequently sup-

ported simply because he is a party man, regardless of his abilities or reputation. It is the duty of all voters to scan the lists of candidates from top to bottom and determine as best they can who are the best men. Party affiliations should not prevent one from standing for good men—men who are law-abiding, who are honest, who can and will command respect for law and

government. In local affairs it matters little to which party the candidates belong just so they are competent, trustworthy, and stand for sound principles. Candidates should be measured by their moral and social fitness and not by their politics. Government needs dependable citizens to run it.—*T. A. Beal.*

TEN OUTSTANDING MAGAZINE ARTICLES

Selected by a Council of Librarians September, 1928

"Let us Confess our Errors," Lewis F. Carr, in *Century*.

A trained farmer, with a wide, practical and executive experience, here discusses the possibilities for progress and profit in agriculture, which he says remains one of our most difficult problems.

"America's Second Peace Adventure," Frank H. Simond, in *Review of Reviews*.

The united and secure America desires peace through denunciation of war. Europe, where many nations are neither free, united, nor secure, hesitates to renounce it. Mr. Simond analyzes the Kellogg treaty against these conflicting back grounds.

"Flying Freight," Robert E. M. Cowis, in *Magazine of Business*.

Is it possible to fly 20,000 pounds of freight? Will it be practicable to build planes to accommodate such loads now? In brief, what is the future of aviation? The president of the American Railway Express Company answers.

"Religion Faces A New World," James Harvey Robinson, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A historian reveals the utterly changed position of religion in the world today. Not only has the intellectual climate changed, but religion itself has been transformed accordingly

—and he shows what has happened to it.

"Marriage and Money," G. V. Hamilton, M. D., and Kenneth Macgowen, in *Harper's Magazine*.

What effect do the money relations between husband and wife have on their happiness or unhappiness in marriage? The evidence in this article is based on a scientific study of the experiences of two hundred married people.

"Murderous Mothers," Dr. Joseph Collins, in *Cosmopolitan*.

Misdirected mother-love is cruelty. Mothers who pamper their children, shielding them too much from contact with hard reality actually murder them mentally and spiritually, says the author of "A Doctor Looks at Life and Love."

"The Trading Post," Hilda Wetherell, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

This article contains letters from the wife of a trader on the Navajo Indian Reservation to a friend, letters which reveal the astonishingly primitive conditions which still prevail a stone's throw from civilization.

"Is Capital Punishment Right?" R. L. Collins, vs. Clarence Darrow, in *Forum*.

Is the state justified in doing what

citizens are forbidden to do—in taking human life? America's greatest criminal lawyer argues the case with a leading Canadian barrister.

"Capeadores In Wall Street," Ralph West Robey, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

The author attributes, in a large measure, the unprecedented rise in stocks during the past several years to unjustified utterances concerning pros-

perity by President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon.

"Obregon, Bulwark of the Mexican Revolution," Earnest Gruening, in *Current History*.

The bulwark of the Mexican revolution and the hope of Mexican reconstruction, President-elect Obregon, was brutally murdered on the eve of taking office. Earnest Gruening tells the story of his turbulent career.

BROTHER SAUL

(A Historical Novel, by Donn Byrne)

BY LEWIS TELLE CANNON

The Apostle Paul was a heroic figure. He has been justly designated the chief exponent of Christianity—the greatest after Christ himself. Certain it is that after his wonderful and miraculous conversion, he displayed more zeal and expended more energy in spreading the New Gospel abroad than any other.

That the Lord himself held him in high esteem is evidenced in his own words to Ananias, one of the early Christians, in Damascus. In a vision to Ananias at the time Saul was led thither after being struck with blindness ("Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"), the Lord commanded Ananias to go to Saul and heal him. Ananias protested on account of the evil Saul had done to the Saints; but the Lord replied, "Go the way I have sent thee, for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel."

At least one-half of the "Acts of the Apostles" deals with Paul (or Saul as he was originally called) and his tremendous and effective activity. Not only that, but a very considerable part of the New Testament after the "Acts of the Apostles" is of Paul's authorship, as witness the following epistles: to the Romans, (first and second), to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to

the Ephesians, to the Phillipians, to the Collossians, to the Thessalonians (first and second), to Timothy (first and second), to Titus, to Philemon and to the Hebrews. These New Testament epistles contain the very fundamentals of Christianity and are immeasurably precious because they were written almost contemporaneously with Christ himself.

To read of Saul (or Paul as we now know him best) in the "Acts of the Apostles" is to whet one's appetite for more. What is there given is so sketchy, so fragmentary. In his numerous epistles, we learn much of his philosophy of life after he ceased to be the persecutor and became the persecuted. But the official record is all but silent as to his early life. Saul of Tarsus. Saul the tentmaker. Saul the Roman citizen. So much is given. But what of his early life, his education and training? He certainly must have been carefully educated, because no one without thorough training in the best thought of his time could have written as wonderfully as he wrote.

Was he ever married and did he have children? His own saying, "I would that all men were even as I myself," might lead to the conclusion that he was never married; but the novelist has it otherwise.

Comes now the author, Donn Byrne, and gives us in his novel, *Brother Saul*, a wonderful insight into the life of this great Christian soldier. It is an entrancing, an intensely readable book. It is a book that, after you have read it, you have an unquenchable desire to read again and again all that pertains to Paul in the New Testament. It is a book that gives you new light on the Gospel and the Scriptures and makes plain many things which are so briefly summarized in the New Testament.

Novels, as a rule, deal with love of the kind that leads to marriage; this particular novel is no exception to the rule even though such love is not the chief theme of it.

Regarding love and marriage, the novelist leads Paul through the experience of it. This should give added interest, particularly, though not necessarily solely, to young people.

In the novel his first mating instincts were manifested toward Anna, clever and beautiful daughter of Caiaphas, the High Priest, and her's were toward him. She had ambition for place and power. She saw in Saul, the son of a rich merchant and a youth whose advancement to high Jewish honors seemed assured, the means of realizing her ambition. But on witnessing him one day as the victim of dizziness and a fainting spell, she fled from him, fearful that he would disappoint her.

Later he married Nossis, a Gentile girl, part Greek, part Jew.

She bore him a child—Saul—who lived but a few weeks; and shortly before the next child was to be born, she herself died.

The novelist makes of Saul an intellectual in his early life. He was cold and austere; his thoughts were of the law and not of mundane things. His wife while she lived was not able to touch his heart.

"So I have decided, Saul, when I go down into the darkness for our little child, I myself will not come

back. For you have no need of me, and without a smile, a little love, I can no more live than a flower without the sun. Shall I stay, Saul? Will you give me a little sun?"

Her voice, appealing, rang across the starlight like the cry of a startled bird. * * * Saul awoke from his reverie.

"Were you saying something Nossis?" he asked. "I am sorry. I was not listening. I was thinking."

After she was laid away at Tarsus she and her unborn child, the High Priest at Jerusalem sent for Saul; "because you, Saul, are the youngest of the Sanhedrin—the youngest by nearly a score of years; you alone have the youth and vitality for stamping out the foul sect of the Nazarene."

"But he is dead, the Nazarene."

"The messenger smiled. 'Every day his sect increases. All of John's followers have joined. The Treasury of the Temple is in danger. There have been young priests of the Temple who have sold their property to turn it over to the Nazarene's common purse.' " * * *

Saul turned and looked at the messenger. The messenger grew cold. In some way the grave young Rabbi, Saul, had changed. His grey eyes were cold and threatening as steel.

"Caiaphas," the messenger reflected in terror. "Caiaphas sent me for a hunting dog and I bring him a savage wolf of the plains."

Contrast the above brief pen pictures of Saul—the one showing his lack of tenderness toward his wife, and the other forecasting his savage persecutions of the Nazarenes—with Saul the author of the wonderful tribute to Charity (Love) as it is contained in the 13th chapter of First Corinthians, and you have something to show the wonderful power of the Gospel to change men's hearts. How could one who wrote those immortal words, "Charity (i. e. Love) never faileth,"

have been the same person who persecuted the early Christians with such intensity, even holding the clothes of those who stoned Stephen to death. That's the miracle of it; and the Gospel annals are full of such miracles.

The New Testament "Acts of the Apostles" tells, oh so briefly, of Saul's activities against the early Christians, of his miraculous conversion, of his later travels and labors to spread the new Gospel. Tradition has it (or is it established history?) that he finally died in Rome.

The novelist weaves into an entrancing novel all the brief facts regarding Saul (or Paul as he is immortalized); he gives us, whether imaginary or real, Saul's life history in much detail, his early training and education, his family, his friends, his thoughts and aspirations both before and after his conversion, his struggles, his extended

travels, his journey to Rome and later death there.

The above references to Saul and quotations from the novel are only brief samples of the multitude of fascinating incidents with which it is filled. Did time and space permit, this review might be expanded with other quotations of almost breathless interest. But of course a review is only a review. One should read the book itself and get it all.

The work is skilfully, wonderfully done; whether it all happened exactly that way, certain it is that it might have so happened. It is plausible and extremely able. We see the polyglot life of the times unfolded in great detail before our eyes. We learn what men were thinking in those times; and all this makes more real and understandable the tremendous drama which ushered in a new era in the history of the world.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT

THE PROJECT—"A REUNION IN EVERY FAMILY"

The general scheme of the M. I. A. program for this year provides that each department shall follow the same skeleton outline; namely: (1) A field of study for leisure-time guidance. (2) A week-by-week program. (3) A reading course book. (4) A project. (5) Slogan cooperation.

Following this general scheme, the project which the Community Activity Committee will sponsor is "A Reunion in Every Family." This does not necessarily mean that every individual family shall have a reunion, but that the various branches shall be brought together.

Inasmuch as the Community Activity Committee does not have a definite department within the association with which to work, but must deal with the

entire group enmass, it becomes necessary for them to plan a way whereby information and instruction can be imparted.

The clearing house for any idea that the Community Activity Committee desires to carry forward (or any other committee for that matter) is the Administrative Committee. This committee, composed of the entire personnel of M. I. A. officers and teachers, opens a possible avenue through every department of M. I. A.

With this thought in mind, let us see how the Committee might proceed to carry forward its project.

First. It desires to give out information concerning the fact that the M. I. A. program contemplates that a family reunion will be held in every family.

Second. The Committee, being responsible for getting the thing accomplished, desires to create interest and enthusiasm for the event.

Third. The Committee, being prepared to give some practical suggestions for conducting a family reunion, must find a way to do so.

In view of the above, the first thing to be done is to bring the matter up for special consideration at a meeting of the Administrative Committee, at which time the Community Activity Committee should be prepared with a detailed plan and make an appeal for co-operative support in carrying the plan forward.

In the matter of imparting general information, and creating enthusiasm, the bishop will no doubt be pleased to grant to the Committee an opportunity to appear in the sacramental meeting and talk on the importance of the event. The speakers could stress: (a)

"The family unit as the stabilizing medium of society." (b) "The hearth stone should be the lode stone in the life of every child." (c) "The place of the family organization in the Gospel plan, both in time and eternity." (d) "The need of a renewal of family spirit, through the medium of a family reunion." (e) "The family that plays together stays together."

Finally, the Committee should present at some suitable time and place a demonstration of a successful family reunion (see *Hand Book*, page 218) or they could prepare and send out to each family, in mimeographed form, a letter of information and suggestions.

Now is the time for the Committee to organize, to make their plans and get the machinery going so that when the season is over it can be said that the project was a success, and that in every family there has been held a happy, joyful reunion.

(For further details see *Hand Book*.)

M MEN DEPARTMENT

THE HARVEST BALL

The first *annual* event for the M Men and Gleaner Girls is to be in the nature of a *Harvest Ball*. This should be held, either on a ward or stake basis, in every M. I. A. of the Church, on a Friday evening during the latter part of November. The M Men and Gleaners should aim to put over their joint project during this evening by injecting into the dance real cultural and aesthetic values. Everything about the dance should be beautiful and wholesome. Music of the finest nature, harmonious decorations, refined surroundings, exemplary behavior, dancers attending in couples and not in groups, an absence of questionable

characters; and anything else which represents the finer side of manhood and womanhood should be brought into the evening's entertainment.

The Social Committee of the M Men, together with a similar committee of Gleaner Girls, should obtain a date from the Community Activity Committee and then work jointly to make this first annual event a huge success. They should prove that there is beauty and refinement as well as jazz in modern-day dancing. The joint meeting in November should be used for discussing and planning this ball. See page 240 of the M. I. A. *Hand Book* for more definite suggestions.

ETIQUETTE

"Conventions of courtesy not only tend to make the wheels of life run

more smoothly, but also act as safeguards in human relationship."

Behavior at all times should be such that it will not hurt the feelings of the most sensitive. Charm does not depend on youth, looks, social position or money. The most fascinating person is always the one of most winning manners, not the one of greatest physical beauty.

Introductions.

Uncertainty about correct forms to use when making introductions often causes a person to appear awkward when attempting to present one person to another.

A lady who is seated does not need to rise or shake hands when responding to an ordinary introduction.

A gentleman who is seated rises immediately for an introduction.

A gentleman is always presented to a lady. No lady is ever presented to a man. Exceptions to this would be in the case of a president of the United States, a reigning sovereign, or a high church dignitary.

An unmarried woman is presented to a married one, unless the married one is much younger.

Proper forms for introductions:

"Mrs. Brown, may I present Mr. Jones? Mrs. Carter may I present Miss Hollis?"

Other form permissible: Mrs. Brown, do you know Mr. Jones?

Do not say, "Mr. Jones meet Mrs. Brown."

Best form of acknowledgment of introduction is to bow head slightly and say, "How do you do!"

Bad form to say, "charmed" or "pleased to meet you."

However, when leaving after an introduction it is right to say, "Goodbye. I am very glad to have met you."

When gentlemen are introduced they always shake hands. A lady may offer her hand or not to a gentleman.

Dress.

Dress is a department of etiquette and good form, and should be given thoughtful and careful consideration. No young person who is lacking in

neatness, tidiness, and cleanliness in person and dress can hope for recognition or welcome in refined and cultured society.

Care of teeth, hair, and finger nails may seem trifles but they are really the outward expression of an inward grace.

The first and essential element of refined and beautiful dress is unobtrusiveness. No costume that is designed too much for effect can possess this highest quality of good taste in dress.

Women's and girls' clothes lend themselves more readily to obtrusiveness than men's; although men often offend good taste by their conspicuous style of dress.

It is desirable that young people wear their clothes without being conscious of them. Self-consciousness is always painful, and is detrimental to poise, but consciousness of clothes is destructive of repose. Repose and freedom from self-consciousness are the things that attract and delight.

Fashions change, and what is proper now may be queer next year. But there is one unchanging principle which must be followed by all if they desire to be well dressed, and that is suitability. This means not only appropriate clothes for particular occasions, but clothes appropriate to one's income. A person with taste and ingenuity can dress suitably on a small income. There is one rule that is fairly safe to follow. When in doubt, wear plainer clothes. On the street never wear anything that is exaggerated. If limited in means, choose dark, inconspicuous clothes.

Dinner.

"Eat at your own table as you would at the table of a king."—*Confucius*.

Invitations to dinner should receive a prompt reply and the engagement should never be broken except from unavoidable causes, such as illness, bereavement, etc.

Guests should arrive punctually, ten or fifteen minutes before the stated

hour rather than ten or fifteen minutes after.

A man should always wait until his hostess is seated, whether she is his mother, sister, wife or friend. One of the greatest sins of the age is the lack of deference paid by the average man to the women of his household. This courtesy should be observed at home, at the family dinner and it will then follow naturally, when one is out in company.

Each gentleman sits on left of his partner and his conversation should be mainly with her, although it is proper to exchange remarks with his neighbor on the other side.

One should sit erect at the table; never have elbows on table, nor toy with forks, spoon or knife, but keep hands in lap when not eating.

Napkins are laid across the lap, never tucked under chin.

If in doubt as to which knives, spoons, and forks are intended for the various courses, remember that the cutlery and silver are laid in the order in which they are to be used, taking them one after the other from the outside.

Soup is taken from side of spoon. Bread or crackers must not be broken into soup but small pieces broken off and eaten with soup.

When through with knife and fork they should be placed side by side across plate, knife blade in and fork tines up, never left on table cloth.

Leave spoon on saucer, not in cup, and cocktail spoon on plate, not in glass.

Some things that are not done which may form a basis for a demonstration of the wrong way to do things:

Never break bread into plate to soak up surplus gravy or sauce.

Never bite or cut roll or slice of bread, but break into convenient-sized pieces.

Never drink when you have food in your mouth.

Never push your plate away upon finishing a course.

Never collect condiments, butter, relishes, etc., around your own plate but after helping yourself, put them where they can be reached by others.

Never eat sticky, fancy cakes and pastries with the fingers when a fork is provided.

Never let nervousness make you appear awkward, but be quietly self-possessed and others may not notice your mistakes.

Business.

Good manners often prove a fortune in business.

"Why did our friend Jones never succeed in business?" asked a man returning to his home town after years of absence; "He had sufficient capital, a thorough knowledge of his business, and exceptional shrewdness and sagacity."

"He was sour and morose," was the reply. "He always suspected his employees of cheating him, and was discourteous to his customers. Hence, no man ever put good-will or energy into work done for him, and his patrons went to shops where they were sure of civility."

Next in importance to habits of order and personal neatness, comes the habit of promptness. The person who loiters and is late in keeping appointments and keeps people waiting, or is late at work is a trial to those who are brought into contact with him or her.

Ball Room.

A ball is larger and more pretentious than a dance and rather formal in its character. A smaller affair is called a dance or dancing party.

Social dancing is always popular with young people and it offers a fine opportunity for the development of culture, poise, grace and good manners. In order to promote these things in the dance it is necessary to have music of a high order, not the common jazz.

The guests should always greet the host and hostess before taking part in

the dance. Ladies always enter the ball room first, followed by gentlemen.

Young men should always ask their hostess for a dance. At the end of a dance number a gentleman takes his partner to a seat and stays with her until she is claimed by her next partner.

A young man at a dancing party must put aside his personal preferences and dance with any partner whom his hostess may select for him. The habit which some have of dancing the whole evening with the same partner is selfish and is not conducive of sociability.

An excellent demonstration of the subjects treated here may be found in the drama which is printed in the November number of the *Young Woman's Journal*.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION IN THE CLASS

1. Appoint members of the class to put on a demonstration of proper and improper forms in introductions, and

have remainder of class point out mistakes.

2. The same sort of demonstration might be shown in "table etiquette."

3. Have one or two couples come dressed for some special occasion, having something on that might offend good taste and have the class point out the faults.

4. Have a couple demonstrate some impoliteness in the ball room and have the class tell the polite way of doing it.

5. How would you introduce Mrs. Al Smith to President Coolidge?

6. Discuss proper dress for street, for dinner, for business, for ball room. What is obtrusiveness? Are sleeveless dresses permissible on street or at one's work?

7. Give reasons why coming late to dinner is wrong.

8. Is it safe always to imitate the hostess at dinner?

9. Give demonstrations of proper and improper posture or position in dancing. (See *Hand Book*, p. 374.)

M. I. A. ATHLETICS

BY HOMER C. WARNER, CHURCH M MEN BASKETBALL ARBITRATOR

STANDARDS

Lesson for November 13

There is born in every boy the desire to play. From the rattle of the infant to the last putt of the aged golfer, there is a thrill experienced by him. He likes it.

Athletics, properly conducted, offer the boy the greatest outlet for this in-born desire. At no previous time has there been such a need for clean athletics as there is in America today.

The easy life of the average boy calls for athletics. He seldom works. He must be entertained. He rides in fine automobiles. He eats rich food and rarely does he deny himself anything. As we all say, he has it "pretty soft."

Athletics supply that rugged experience that the average American boy does not get, that experience from

which the early American pioneers derived so much good in the moulding of their characters.

First the boy is taught that to sweat is not vulgar, and that a young body will function better if the blood is forced to circulate a little faster occasionally, that the excess energy that is pent up within can best be dissipated through athletic endeavor rather than in some less legitimate way.

He is taught to take care of his body. To compete on an athletic team there are some things he cannot do. He is taught to say "no" to excesses of eating. He knows he cannot smoke, and that he cannot drink. He knows he cannot stay out late at night, and that his body will not function at its best if he abuses it. Nobody tells him, but he learns it. This self-denial, which is one of the greatest developers of character, is very good for him. His

athletic coach can exact more self-denial from him than can his own parents.

He is taught that there are rules in the game. Again there are things he can do and things he cannot do. This respect for law, if early inculcated in the lives of our young boys, would do much toward the remedy for the neglect of law that is now prevalent in America.

He is taught to be loyal to himself, and loyal to his team, loyal to his school, and loyal to his church. This will carry over into his life and inspire loyalty to his home, his wife, his family and his country.

He is taught never to quit. "Yellow" is the worst name one can call an athlete. This test of character he will carry on into the battle of life.

He is taught "team play" or "cooperation," a wonderful trait to develop.

And best he is taught good sportsmanship:

1. To play hard and fairly.
2. To play to win.
3. Not to whimper when he loses nor to brag when he wins; but to congratulate the winner with a smile, and modestly to enjoy victory.

If all were good sports, what a fine place the world would be to live in. The athletic standards that he sets for himself will be the standard for his later life.

He knows that only as he works, takes care of his body, exercises self-denial, loyalty, cooperation and good sportsmanship, will he succeed in the game of life.

HOW TO TRAIN FOR AN ATHLETIC EVENT

Lesson for November 20

In order to compete in any athletic event you must be in proper condition. First: proper mental condition. Second: proper physical condition.

Mental Condition. Make up your mind to go into the event with all the determination that is in you. Have courage. Never quit whether you are

winning or losing. Make up your mind that you can, and you will. Stick to it! Inspiration plus perspiration will mean success.

Play fair. The rules were written to be obeyed. Don't stoop to take an unfair advantage of an opponent.

If you win, smile, but don't brag; and if you lose, smile and congratulate the winner. Let your effort and not your results determine whether you deserve praise.

Remember, no boy can long succeed in athletics without the proper mental condition.

Physical Condition. First of all, have a good physical examination by a good doctor. If you have any physical defects have them corrected at once, else you cannot long succeed.

Then get and keep your whole body in condition by being *regular* in your habits. There are four habits that are very necessary for the athlete and for any one else, for that matter.

The first of these is Regularity of Eating. Eat good, wholesome food at regular intervals. Your body is dependent upon fuel to provide energy, and without regularity it cannot run at its highest efficiency.

The second of these is Regularity of Sleeping. Get plenty of sleep in a well ventilated room. Nature is kind in allowing us to go into unconsciousness so that the body can rebuild its worn-out tissues. Take advantage of this and get at least eight hours of rest at regular intervals.

The third habit is Regularity of Elimination. Get the waste products out of the system. Have the bowels move at least once a day, and better twice a day, at regular intervals. Unused food stagnates in the body, forming a poison that causes a distinct harm that weakens the resistance of the body.

The fourth habit is Regularity of Exercise. Do some definite work, so that the whole body is built up, using every muscle. Every part of the body should be in condition before you attempt to take part in strenuous games

as football, basketball, track, etc.

Then when the body is in good condition, start to specialize. The procedure is different now for every branch of sport. You would not do the same things to prepare for football that you would for basketball. It would be impossible in this short article to prescribe what would be best for the many different sports. But this much may be said, learn the rules of the activity that you choose. Get the proper form. Ask someone who knows, and then work! work! work! Don't expect to succeed if you do not work. Look into the lives of great athletes. You will find that it has been the religious determination to work that has made them successful.

Success in athletics, as in all things, does not come easy. The habits you form in athletics will carry over into your after-life and will prove very beneficial. See that they are good habits.

THE CODE OF A SPORTSMAN

Lesson for November 27

If you really want to know a man, play with him. In other words, under the stress of the game he will show his real worth. Where all the sham of formality is forgotten; where his decision must be a reflex; then can you tell what is really in a man's heart.

Are your standards high? Are you a good sport? Are you a gentleman? Use the yardstick and measure yourself.

1. Do you play the game hard and fairly?

2. Do you play to win?

3. Do you whimper if you lose and brag if you win, or do you smile and congratulate the winner if you lose, and do you smile and modestly enjoy victory if you win?

Let's analyze these things a little further.

In all games there are certain rules. Yes, even in the game of life. They were written to be followed. No true sportsman will deliberately violate one

of them. Some players and a few coaches will tell you that it is all right to violate the rules if you do not get caught. This is the code of a thief. It is a crime only if he is caught.

The good sportsman's code is different. He knows that intentionally to violate the rules, whether he is penalized or not, he is bringing discredit upon himself and upon the good name of the team for which he is playing.

Do you play to win?

All the world loves a winner. Nobody likes to fail. Think success. Fight to win. If you think you can, you can! "Intestinal fortitude," as Rockne calls it, is a great asset. The determination to go, when the flesh says "no" but the spirit says "fight," when the score is against you, to keep going.

Above all, don't quit. There is no disgrace if you lose fighting. It's not the question, "Did you win?" but, "How did you play?"

A man who quits in an athletic game is likely to be the man who will quit in life.

How easy it is when you win. Everybody is for you. The world is bright. The fickle public will congratulate you, but how do you take it? Do you smile and modestly enjoy your victory?

And now comes the real test. How do you lose? Anyone can win, but it takes a real man to lose. Don't whimper. Congratulate the winner and smile. It may be hard but don't belittle yourself by depreciating the victory of the other fellow. He must have been good or he wouldn't have beaten you.

Don't alibi. Chances are he wasn't lucky, or that you were out of condition, or that the official robbed you. He won. Smile and be a man.

If athletics are to last and to have a place in American life, they should bring out the best in a man. It is the duty of every Man to help keep the standards up, and he can best do this by following the code of a true sportsman.

PASSING EVENTS

Air Route across the Atlantic. The huge German dirigible *Graf Zeppelin* started from Friedrichshafen, October 11, 1928, at 8:00 a. m., on a flight of about 5,100 miles to Lakehurst, N. J., with passengers, thus beginning a regular air route across the Atlantic. The gigantic air ship had 27,000 cubic yards of blue gas fuel and 15 tons of benzine-benzol. It carried 12,000 letters and postcards, addressed to different cities in America.

The Graf Zeppelin lands in Lakehurst, N. J. The giant dirigible, *Graf Zeppelin*, landed safely at her destination, Lakehurst, N. J., October 15, 1928, having covered about 5,900 miles from Friedrichshafen, Germany, via Spain, and the Azores. Part of the way she encountered rough weather and sustained some damage which, however, was repaired by the crew, but the ship proved "sea-worthy" in every respect. The success of this flight proves that regular air connection between Europe and America is possible. The big ship was in charge of Commander Hugo Eckener, who, in 1924, took the dirigible Z R-3, now the Los Angeles, across the Atlantic. These were not the first dirigibles to venture across the ocean. In June, 1919, the British R-34 flew from a point in Scotland to the Roosevelt field, Long Island, in 108 hours. Her return trip was made in 65 hours. It was predicted then that regular air service by dirigibles would be established, but little progress has been made in that direction, the heavier-than-air craft having monopolized public attention and interest. Among the passengers of the *Graf Zeppelin* were two newspaper reporters, Mr. Karl H. Von Wiegand and Lady Drummond Hay.

Massacre in China. According to a report that has reached Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, chairman of the China

famine relief organization, on October 9, 1928, 200,000 persons have been massacred by Mohammedans in the province of Kansu, China, in an insurrection by fanatical Moslems. The information comes from Leighton P. Rand, a China inland missionary, who writes about the privations and miseries of the inhabitants and of the earthquake that killed 35,000 last year and reduced 100,000 to poverty, and then adds, "The most tragic touch has been added by the insurrection of the Moslems, who form a third of the population of the province. Though starting in the appearance here and there of unorganized robber bands, it has spread like wildfire and has now become just such a Mohammedan rebellion as has on several previous occasions in the past century laid waste the province and decimated its population. From reports already in from the country district, the known massacred exceed 200,000."

New Relief Society Presidency. Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, president of the General Board of the Relief Society; and her counselors, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight and Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, were honorably released, at the semi-annual conference of the Church, October 7, 1928. The new president is Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, with Amy Brown Lyman and Julia A. Child as counselors and Julia Farnsworth Lund as secretary and treasurer.

Eight Persons Killed. The entire family of Orson Erickson, consisting of himself, wife, four daughters and two sons, were instantly killed near Delta, when the automobile in which they were riding was struck by the Los Angeles and Salt Lake train No. 25, southbound, on Sunday, October 7, 1928. The accident occurred at a grade crossing below the Erickson farm, situated north of Delta, when

the train was speeding into Delta at a rate of 40 miles an hour. Erickson was driving along a road running parallel to the railroad track, which turned abruptly across its tracks. Erickson slowed down to make the curve, according to reports, and in some unaccountable manner lost control of his car, causing it to speed up and across the path of the oncoming train. When directly on the track the machine was struck, turned over, and caught by the pilot. The impact crushed the automobile, and jolting caused the occupants to drop, one by one, to be crushed and mangled beneath the wheels of the fast moving locomotive.

Indians Heard From. According to a special to the *Salt Lake Tribune*, Indians from Utah, Idaho, Nevada, California and Oregon, concluded a "powwow," October 4, 1928, at Fort McDermott, eighty miles north of Winnemucca, Nev. The red delegates signed a pact to this effect: "We are not going to vote for the government of the pale faces any more. We are going to turn back their twenty dollars and the hugs and kisses the candidates like to give us. Furthermore, we are going to get our rights if we have to fight for them."

Editor of Deseret News called. Harold Goff, for some years managing editor of *The Deseret News*, passed away at the L. D. S. hospital, October 3, 1928, after several months' illness. He was born in Midvale, June 13, 1884, the son of the late Hyrum Goff, for several years president of the Jordan stake; and his wife, Maria Arnold Goff. His journalistic career he commenced while at school, when he acted as correspondent for a paper in Murray. After having graduated, he taught school for some time, first at Midvale, then at Rexburg, Idaho. There he met Miss Lulu Ormsby, who became his wife and who passed away a year ago. Mr. Goff attended the University of Utah and, later, the University of Columbia. He then joined the

reportorial staff of *The Intermountain Republican*. From that paper he went to *The Deseret News*, where he remained until the time of his death. Last year Mr. Goff was selected as one of thirty editors to tour Europe as the guest of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. It was while on this trip that his wife, who had been ailing for a number of years, died. He received the news in Brussels and reached Salt Lake September 4, shattered in health from worry and anxiety. He was taken to the L. D. S. hospital shortly afterward. Mr. Goff never recovered entirely from the strain. Two months ago he went to California for his health. Upon his return he was again confined to the hospital. Activities of the editor publicly were to a great extent confined to the chamber of commerce. He succeeded Judge H. H. Rolapp as regent of the University of Utah.

Off for the South Pole. Commander Richard E. Byrd passed through Chicago, October 2, 1928, on his way to San Pedro, Cal., whence he will embark for Dunedin, New Zealand, the base port of his antarctic expedition. Commander Byrd was accompanied by his wife, and a party of aides. He had in tow "Igloo" the little white terrier that was the mascot of his polar expedition. Asked how his wife felt regarding his two-year sojourn, the explorer said, "She was a mighty good scout to stand for it." Commander Byrd and his companions left San Pedro, Cal., October 10, on board the whaler, *C. A. Larsen* for New Zealand.

Airmail between the United States and Mexico. The first load of airmail from Mexico City to points in the United States arrived in Laredo, Texas, October 1, 1928, at 4:35 p. m. At 5:00 p. m. the first American airmail plane arrived in the City of Mexico from Laredo. It was piloted by Tom Harding and made the flight in nine hours and a half. The planes

which thus inaugurated what is to be regular airmail service between the two countries were favored with good weather through the route. Brief stops were made at Monterey and Queretaro to pick up and discharge mail. Among the crowd of several hundred persons which welcomed the aviators at Valbuena field were representatives of the government, the American club and local newspapers. The mail was rushed to the postoffice by automobile, effecting a saving of twenty-seven hours over the normal mail service by train from Laredo.

The British-Franco naval agreement criticized. In a note to the British and French governments, our government criticizes the secret naval agreement between Great Britain and France and declines the proposal to become a party to it, on the ground that it places an unacceptable limitation on the class of vessels essential to the defense of the United States, at the same time it removes any limit on the classes of warships peculiarly suitable to the French and British needs. The note, which was published September 28, 1928, says: "The government of the United States has earnestly and consistently advocated real reduction and limitation of naval armament. It would be happy to continue such efforts, but it cannot consent to proposals which would leave the door wide open to unlimited building of certain types of ships of a highly efficient combatant value and would impose restrictions only on those types peculiarly suitable to American needs. The American government seeks no special advantage on the sea, but clearly cannot permit itself to be placed in a position of manifest disadvantage."

Victims of the hurricane. A death list in excess of 2,000 persons with 16,082 homeless, and property damage above \$50,000,000 are the estimates of the toll of the tropical hurricane in Florida, September 16, 1928. The figures are regarded as conservative.

New Mexican President. Emilio

Portes Gil, secretary of the interior in the Mexican cabinet, was unanimously elected provisional president of Mexico, September 25, 1928, by the senators and deputies in joint session. He will serve from December 1, 1928, when the Calles term expires, and till February 5, 1930, when a popular election will be held. It is understood that the provisional president will continue the present policy of the government, including the friendly relations to the United States.

The League of Nations. The Council and Assembly of the League of Nations, in session at Geneva, Switzerland, since Sept. 3, 1928, adjourned Sept. 26. The Earl of Lytton, the British statesman, speaking for India, criticized the tendency of the League to place no limits on its expenditures, and asked that more attention be paid to questions of importance outside Europe, in order that there be greater collaboration between Europe and Asia. Pointing out that this year's budget of the league was 1,700,000 gold francs more than last year, Lytton urged that a more rigid financial control was needed if the league were to avoid disaster and defections. While the members were pondering the significance of this warning a dispatch from Buenos Aires arrived with the message that the Chamber of Deputies of the Argentine Republic had voted to suppress the league dues and thereby implied complete separation from the league.

Hundreds perish in a theatre fire in Madrid. Fire broke out in the Novedades theater in Madrid, during a performance on a Sunday, September 23, 1928. The house was packed, and crowds soon blocked the exits. Hundreds, especially women and children, were trampled down before the firemen succeeded in cutting openings in the building and clearing the exits.

Missionaries and Saints are Safe. President Charles A. Callis, of the Southern States mission, in a report to

the First Presidency, September 20, 1928, stated that all the missionaries of the Church, laboring in the storm-swept area of Florida, are safe. They had been transferred from the southern part of the state to the north, three weeks previously. "No injuries," the report says, "have been reported by Church members living in the path of the tornado. President Callis says the newspaper reports of the tragedy are not exaggerated.

A New Stake Presidency. At the quarterly conference of the Millard stake, held at Kanosh, September 15 and 16, 1928, President John A. Beckstrand and his counselors, T. C. Callister and Asael Fisher, were honorably released. The new officers are: President, T. Clark Callister; counselors, Parker P. Robinson and Daniel B. Bushnell. John A. Beckstrand and Rufus Day were sustained as patriarchs; as Parker P. Robinson was bishop of the Fillmore ward that ward was reorganized with Barton K. Farnsworth, bishop; F. Earl Scott and Lorenzo Brunson, counselors. Daniel B. Bushnell was bishop of Meadow ward but reorganization of that ward was not effected at this conference. Due to the removal of Mrs. Asael Fisher from the stake the Y. L. M. I. A. was reorganized with Frances Hatton, president; Ida Scott and Martha Jones, counselors. Elder David O. McKay, J. Percy Goddard, Laura B. Dimond and Alice Sheets were the visiting authorities.

Book of Mormon evidence. At the international congress of Americanists in New York, September 17, 1928, Professor A. L. Kroeber of the University of California, traced the cultural relations of the Indians of North and South America through archaeological remains. He showed that two ancient civilizations consisted, not directly connected, and that their centers were in Mexico-Guatemala and in Peru. In the intervening regions he found evidences of a civilization common to

both areas. The inference is, he said, that the cultural peaks of Mexico and Peru are on the whole not specifically inter-connected but are localized developments; out of a common cultural soil, due to unusual density of population, or possibly broader political organization. This is a splendid statement of what is at present known, through archaeological evidence, of the ancient history of America. It is, substantially, also the picture presented to us in the Book of Mormon, with its two civilizations, the Jaredite and the Lehite.

Called Home. Funeral services for Jens P. Jensen, Ephraim, Sanpete Co., Utah, were held September 17, in the Ephraim South ward chapel, his son, Bishop Peter D. Jensen in charge. The departed one, who was 82 years of age, succumbed to acute pneumonia, but some time ago he fell from a tree which he was trimming, and broke three ribs, and death, undoubtedly, was hastened on by that accident. Jens Peter Jensen, was born in Denmark December 12, 1845, and followed agriculture in that country until he came to Utah in 1866. The sailing vessel in which he crossed the Atlantic was eight weeks in making the trip, and many of the ship's company succumbed to cholera. Landing in the United States, he crossed the plains by oxteam in the Abner Lowry company, and on arrival in Utah located at Ephraim. His sister and her husband were that same year, 1866, killed by Indians who raided the settlement. The year of his arrival in Utah he was married to Dorothea Gregerson in Salt Lake, who died fifteen years ago. There were eight children, of whom five are living, Miss Sophia K. Jensen, Bishop Peter D. Jensen, H. Ephraim Jensen, professor at Snow academy, and Adolph W. Jensen, city attorney, all of Ephraim, and Dr. Jensen, state superintendent of public instruction and former principal of Brigham Young College.

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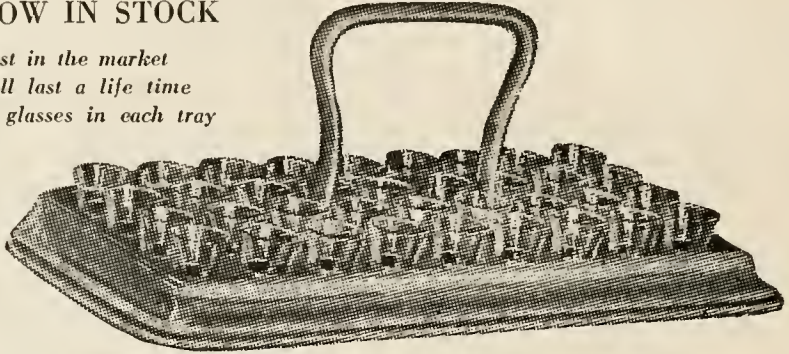
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HUMOROUS HINTS

"Going to hear the lecture on appendicitis tonight?"

"No, I'm tired of these organ recitals."—*Punch*.

* * * * *

A 45-caliber revolver had been fired point blank at him, the bullet penetrating his skull and entering the woodwork.—*Tampa News*.

* * * * *

Proud Parent (who served in the A. E. F.): "And that which I have just told you, son, is the story of my experiences in the World War."

His Son: "But, papa, what did they need the rest of the army for?"—*The Monitor*.

* * * * *

Lady (to trusty): "Are you sure you have time to show me through the penitentiary?"

Trusty: "Yes, madam, I have ninety-nine years."—*The Monitor*.



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"So you're lost, little man? Why didn't you hang onto your mother's skirt?"

Youngster: "Couldn't reach it,"—*Texas Ranger.*

* * * * *

Mae: "Since you have broken your engagement to Jim because your feelings toward him aren't the same, why do you keep his ring?"

Mabel: "Because my feelings toward the ring are still the same as ever!"—*Christian Leader.*

* * * * *

"He claims his wife was intractable, your honor, so he beat her into subjection with a golf club."

"In how many strokes?" asked the judge.—*Tit-Bits.*

* * * * *

A missionary was discoursing on the Book of Mormon. When he came to the testimony of the three witnesses he waxed eloquent.

"Here we have the words of three men," he said, "whose testimony has never been shaken. Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Luther."

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The screen star and his fiancee arrived this morning from the Riviera, where they had passed vacations with fiends, along the Mediterranean.—*Washington Herald*.

* * * * *

"Well, daddy," said the pretty girl excitedly, "I'm engaged."

"You don't mean it?" her father exclaimed.

"Certainly not," said the pretty girl, "but it's great fun all the same!"—*Happy Magazine*.

* * * * *

A recently arrived missionary in Germany had with great effort translated and written down a few words of testimony in German.

As he and his companion were leaving the house for their meeting, he began searching for this paper.

"Come on, we must hurry," called his companion.

"Wait a minute; I've lost my testimony," came the answer.

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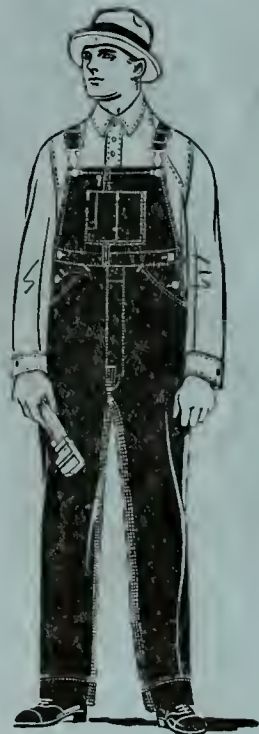
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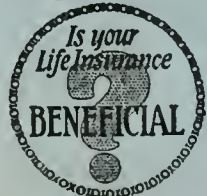
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